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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—[DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

☞ *In the* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found a spirited double-page engraving of the great Battle of Plevna, and other pictures relating to the War in the East.*

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SPOILS AND PARTIES.

THOSE who sincerely think that party politics are utterly impracticable without patronage, forget that the spoils system is only about forty years old. Party feeling was quite as warm and party intrigue as unscrupulous in the beginning of the century as it is now, but the prostitution of the whole civil service to party and personal uses is a modern abuse. There is no such essential difference in the situation of the country that a system of the civil service which was practicable under JEFFERSON and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is impracticable now. Mr. ADAMS may have been a fool not to use his official power for his personal ends, as has been gravely stated, but he preferred his own self-respect and the welfare of his country. He says, in his diary for 1845:

"J. S. SKINNER told me last night that when I was President and he was postmaster at Baltimore he had written and published in the newspapers sundry pieces against me, till he was told that I had heard of it, and after inquiring whether he had faithfully performed the duties of his office, and being answered that he did, had said, 'Then tell him that he may write against me as much and as often as he pleases.' SKINNER added that from that day he never published or wrote a line against me."

Mr. ADAMS also mentions that it was Mr. CRAWFORD, a noted politician, now almost forgotten, who was Secretary of the Treasury under MONROE, and a competitor with JACKSON and ADAMS and CLAY in the election of 1824, who "wriggled through Congress a law limiting the commissions of revenue officers to four years, and contriving the limitation so that almost all the commissions would expire at the time when CRAWFORD expected to come in as President." The repeal of this mischievous law should be one of the first measures of a reform Congress; and it was in favor of CALHOUN'S proposal of repeal that WEBSTER made his speech upon the Executive power of removal.

Young men especially, who are now coming forward into active political life, should be very wary of accepting the practices and abuses of to-day as the settled and necessary principles of political and party action. Party hacks and jobbers and lobbyists, and the whole crew who call themselves practical because they despise principle, may insist that the civil service has always been made a system of rewards and punishments as it is to-day, and that it always must be. But the assertion is simply absolutely untrue. They do not know it, because they are profoundly ignorant, and think, with the green ducklings, that their mud-puddle is the ocean. But every man who makes himself familiar with the history of his country knows that the civil service system of to-day is a monstrous and modern abuse. In a speech at Worcester in 1832 DANIEL WEBSTER treated the subject of the personal and partisan prostitution of the service, which was then in full career under JACKSON. He asserted that the power of removal was granted to the President by the First Congress solely to provide for cases of absolute necessity, and that it was denied in all other cases. MADISON, who supported the grant, declared, nevertheless, that a President who should use the power for personal objects would deserve to be impeached. Neither in theory nor in practice was the system tolerated which is now declared to be absolutely essential to government by party. Mr. WEBSTER says:

"Three or four instances of removal occurred in the first twelve years of the government. At the commencement of Mr. JEFFERSON'S administration he made several others, not without producing much dissatisfaction; so much so that he thought it expedient to give reasons to the people in a public paper for even the limited extent to which he had exercised the power. He placed his justification on particular circumstances and peculiar grounds, which, whether substantial or not, showed at least that he did not regard the power of removal as an ordinary power, still less as a mere arbitrary one, to be used as he pleased, for whatever ends he pleased, and without responsibility. As far as I remember, Sir, after the early part of Mr. JEFFERSON'S administration, hardly an instance occurred for near thirty years. If there were any instances, they were few. But at the commencement of the present administration [General JACKSON'S] the precedent of these previous cases was seized on, and a *system*, a regular *plan of government*, a well-considered scheme for the maintenance of party power by the patronage of office, and this patronage to be created by general removal, was adopted, and has been carried into full operation. Indeed, before General JACKSON'S inauguration the party put the system into practice. In the last session of Mr. ADAMS'S administration the friends of General JACKSON constituted a majority in the Senate, and nominations made by him to fill vacancies which had occurred in the ordinary way were postponed by this majority beyond the 3d of March, *for the purpose, openly avowed, of giving the nominations to General* JACKSON. A nomination for a judge of the Supreme Court, and many others of less magnitude, were thus disposed of."

Mr. WEBSTER declared that in no other civilized country was there such an inquisition for spoils upon a change of rulers:

"When ever, Sir, did any English minister, Whig or Tory, take such an inquest? When did he ever go down to low-water mark to make an ousting of tide-waiters? When did he ever take away the daily bread of weighers and gaugers and measurers? Or when did he go into the villages to disturb the little post-offices, the mail contracts, and any thing else in the remotest degree connected with the government? Sir, a British minister who should do this, and should afterward show his head in a British House of Commons, would be received by a universal hiss."

Yet this is what we are told must be done in this country, or government by party is impracticable; and consequently we see the dispensers of places using them as bribes in the packing of caucuses and the management of conventions, and the old "hacks" cheerfully remarking that it always was so, and always must be so; and when the President says that this monstrous abuse shall stop, even men like General GARFIELD and Senator EDMUNDS regret that he goes too far. We know very well that they would have tenure dependent upon good conduct. But in the existing state of the law, and under the constitutional restrictions of the President, and with a service filled to the brim by a false method, and with evil traditions, what step more immediately effective, not for party dominance, but for political progress, could the President have taken? No one has stated more powerfully and truthfully than Mr. WEBSTER the character and consequences of the spoils system, which, it is urged, is indispensable in our politics. We beg our younger readers to ponder his words. They are, indeed, the words of a party leader out of power. But they can be weighed and tested by reason and experience:

"Political proscription leads necessarily to the filling of offices with incompetent persons, and to a consequent malexecution of official duties. In my opinion, Sir, it will effectually change the character of our government, this acting upon the avowed principle of claiming office by right of conquest, unless the public shall rebuke and restrain it. It elevates party above country; it forgets the common weal in the pursuit of personal emolument; it tends to form, it does form, we see that it has formed, political combinations, held together by no common principles or opinions among its members, either upon the powers of the government or the true policy of the country, but held together simply as an association, under the charm of a popular head, seeking to maintain possession of the government by *a rigorous exercise of its patronage*, and for this purpose agitating and alarming and distressing social life by the exercise of a tyrannical party proscription. Sir, if this course of things can not be checked, good men will grow tired of the exercise of political privileges. They will have nothing to do with popular elections. They will see that such elections are but a mere selfish contest for office, and they will abandon the government to the scramble of the bold, the daring, and the desperate."

How largely in forty years this prophecy has been fulfilled! But at last against the evil so graphically described the President has appealed to the country. He summons those "good men" of whom Mr. WEBSTER speaks, who have, as he foretold, recoiled, disgusted, from politics, and gives them the opportunity that they have long desired. Defeat in the autumn elections would prove nothing against the doctrine of Mr. WEBSTER'S discourse. Nor would it establish the necessity of management by patronage. It would show only that Rome was not built in a day, and that a vicious method can not be instantly changed. Meanwhile let the historical fact be constantly remembered that the spoils system is modern, and that it is shown not to be indispensable to government by party.

THE OLD SILVER DOLLAR.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY, of Michigan, who was comparatively unknown to the country when he came to the Senate, very soon took a high position in that body, which he has well maintained. His late letter upon "the Dollar of our Fathers" puts the simple principles and truths of the question of remonetization in a clear and concise form. Those who are still of opinion that there can be advantageously two unequal and fluctuating standards, should ponder the Senator's letter, which will remind them that there are certain principles quite independent of legislation which conclusively regulate the subject. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* sent the Senator a circular asking him whether he was for remonetization, or against it, or undecided. He replied that his views would not satisfy any of the three classes indicated. But he proceeded to say that he was not in favor of a simple repeal of the law of 1873, and that in his opinion no conceivable human power can give the dollar of the fathers its old place in the coinage. The reason is that the relative value of gold and silver, as compared with each other, has greatly changed. The value of silver, as compared with that of gold, has largely depreciated, and it is the market value which will govern the circulation. To make the old silver dollar a legal tender for all debts, therefore, would drive gold out of circulation, and promote repudiation by enabling debts not specially contracted for payment with silver at the old value to be paid with depreciated silver.

This is not new, but it is true, and it needs to be constantly repeated, and it is very clearly stated in the Senator's letter. The only answer attempted to it is that the remonetization of silver would equalize the comparative value of the two metals with respect to each other. But this is not only, for the essential purpose of exact equality, a presumption, but it is a presumption against reason and against experience. Our own history illustrates it, and as Senator CHRISTIANCY says, there has practically never been for any considerable time, and never can be, when the ratio of value between the two metals as fixed by law differs materially from the ratio according to the market value, the two standards of value. That metal which happened for a time by the market value to be lower than the ratio fixed by law became almost the exclusive currency, and the other became, in effect, a commodity. This has been our own experience.

Senator CHRISTIANCY, however, is in favor of bringing silver into general circulation as legal tender by adopting the market value of silver as compared with gold, and making it a legal tender at such value, which should at short intervals be determined and declared by a board; and if this is not practicable or approved, then by adjusting the value of the silver dollar to the market value of silver relatively to gold. But both of these plans are open to fatal objections. The board would be subject to such jealousy, pressure, and temptation that it would be enveloped in suspicion, which would produce a constant demand to change the law or the board. This would inevitably breed a distrust which would defeat the very purpose of the arrangement. Moreover, the difficulty of the adjustment between the market and legal values, which is the cause of the exclusion of one standard by the other, would be but partially relieved by this plan. The same general reasoning applies to the other suggestion. The variable comparative value would not be avoided, and the old contest would recur. The Senator's exposure of the fallacy of the policy of absolute remonetization is admirable. But his methods for making silver a universal legal tender are, for that very reason, unsatisfactory.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republican Convention of New York is called to meet at Rochester on the 26th of September. It is what is called an "off year," which means that the nominations to be made are not for the chief offices. But State questions are not always paramount even in State Conventions. The greater interest of national politics commands the chief attention, and there is probably more general curiosity to know what will be said upon national politics than to know who will be nominated, or whether this or that measure of State policy will be sustained. Republicans in other States have a natural desire to learn whether those of New York approve or condemn the Administration, and there are multitudes every where, who are practically independent of parties, who will watch the Convention with no less interest. We state the simple alternative of approval or reproof, because there is no third course. We observe that some leading Republican papers in the State are of opinion that "peace and harmony" can be promoted by silence, and they suggest that the action of the Maine Convention furnishes an excellent precedent for that of New York. But the sentiment of the Maine Convention was perfectly evident. It was unfavorable to the Administration. If the Convention had approved the general course of the President, it would have said so eagerly and gladly. During the last eight years there was scarcely a Republican Convention in any State that did not vociferously applaud General GRANT. Does any intelligent man really suppose that those Conventions can meet now, when General GRANT'S successor has been charged with surrendering the party principles, and carefully say nothing about him, without showing that they do not approve his course?

The honorable and necessary course for the Convention is to speak with entire frankness. If it thinks that the President is an honest man, but that his course is fatal to the public welfare, let it say so. But it ought to see that to praise him as an honest man, and to stop with that, is, under the precedents and conditions of a Convention, to say that he is no more. A great party which is responsible for the conduct of the government upon certain principles can not justify itself to the country by declaring that its Administration is honest, because an honest Administration may pursue a course which is totally inconsistent with the views of those who brought it into power. They do not escape the responsibility of the situation by saying that their agents are honest or by refraining from saying any thing about them. The country very properly replies to them that if they are not capable of choosing fit agents, they prove their incapacity for proper administration of the government.

If, however, the party be sincerely of opinion that it is wrongfully betrayed, let it with equal frankness declare its conviction. New York Republicans in 1866, when they thought that ANDREW JOHNSON had betrayed them, did not hesitate to declare in their platform that "his policy encourages a spirit fatal to national tranquillity." We are slow to believe that they have lost their courage, and therefore we hope that they will distinctly say whether they believe the President to be honest, and that they approve his course, or whether they think him honest but his policy mistaken, or whether they hold that he has dishonorably betrayed his party. Silence is a pusillanimous evasion, which fortunately defeats its own purpose. If the New York Convention resolves that the President is doubtless a well-meaning man, or if it fails altogether even to mention the Administration, the result will be practically the same. It will proclaim unequivocally that in its judgment the pacific and reform policy of the Administration is not the policy of the Republican party. It will throw away the immense moral advantage of its position, and it will make party success in the State infinitely more doubtful and difficult. Wise counsels in a great party convention are always necessary, but never were they more indispensable than now. Peace and harmony are always desirable, if they can be reasonably secured. But parties exist not for themselves, but for the national welfare, and patriotic and resolute men can not be hopefully asked to surrender, for the sake of party harmony, the very objects for which they work with a party. The necessity of party harmony is an argument which should always be rigorously scrutinized, because it is always used to cloak every form of corruption and meanness, and to seduce honest men with the Jesuitry that the end sanctifies the means. If there be any place in which this argument, as against a declaration upon the policy of the party Administration, ought not only to fail utterly, but to be ruthlessly exposed, it is a New York Republican Convention.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER DEFIED.

THERE has been naturally a great deal of public interest in Mr. Naval Officer CORNELL'S apparent defiance of the President's order. The facts are these: On the 22d of June the President issued a circular notification that "no officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns." Mr. CORNELL was then Naval Officer at New York, and also chairman of the State Republican Committee, as well as the member from New York of the National Republican Committee. On the 28th of August Mr. CORNELL, being still Naval Officer, took part in the deliberations of the State Committee, and officially as chairman signed its call for the State Convention. The question is whether that action is incompatible with the order. In other words, may an "officer" of the kind designated by the President continue for more than two months to hold a position the sole duty of which is taking part in the management of political organizations, and may he further actively take such part? If he may hold such a position for two months and take an openly active part once, he may, of course, continue to hold it for two years and take an active part always. If Mr. CORNELL'S conduct be compatible with the President's order, Mr. Collector SIMMONS, in Boston, was in unnecessary haste. If the order has not been violated by Mr. CORNELL, it is plain that Mr. SIMMONS, who was also chairman of a State Committee, might have retained that place, and have signed the call for the meeting of the Convention, and have organized the Convention.

The only explanation that we have seen of Mr. CORNELL'S position is substantially that signing the call is a mere perfunctory

office, and that when the Convention, by which the committee is appointed, meets, he will decline to be re-elected a member of the committee. This explanation implies that his remaining in the committee and signing the call was somehow necessary to the assembling and organizing of the Convention. But if Mr. CORNELL had died or had been suddenly disabled by illness a month ago, could there have been no Convention? The reply to this absurd attempt at explanation is that if Mr. CORNELL had resigned his chairmanship on the 23d of June, the vacancy would have been filled by the committee, the President's order would have been obeyed, and the friends of reform would have been encouraged. As it is, the Naval Officer's conduct is an open, flagrant, apparently studied, and plainly contemptuous defiance of the Executive order. There was no more reason for his continuing to hold and to discharge the duties of his chairmanship for a month than for a year, and if his action is not a violation of the order, neither would his re-election be such a violation.

And was Mr. Appraiser DUTCHER'S participation in the deliberations of the committee also indispensable to the continued existence of the Republican party in New York? It is, perhaps, a wise course upon the part of the President to have allowed this defiance, because it illustrates conclusively the impolicy of intrusting reform to those who really despise it. We have a long letter from "a Boston merchant," asking why Mr. SIMMONS should be removed if he be a good customs officer, and if he will obey rules which he yet confesses he thinks to be disastrous to the party? The answer is seen in the conduct of Mr. CORNELL, and it is briefly this, that politicians who wish to retain office, who think the order absurd, yet who profess acquiescence in it, will evade and contemn and baffle it in every practicable way. It is objected that to remove officers who profess obedience is to proscribe for opinion's sake. The reply is that their honest opinions necessarily prevent a proper discharge of their duty. We venture to say that no man who feels the necessity of a radical reform of the spoils system believes that reform to be possible by any Executive order which depends for enforcement upon the co-operation of the chief representatives of the spoils system. Some action in the case of the New York officers who have violated the order will doubtless be taken, perhaps before this paper is issued. Should the Naval Officer and Appraiser be removed, the Executive delay and their frank challenge will show that there has been no haste to strike at supposed opponents, and that the action is taken solely upon high public grounds.

THE NEW GEORGIA CONSTITUTION.

IT was the expectation of the most thoughtful advocates of "the reconstruction policy" that the natural result of enfranchising the colored people, and so creating an immense constituency in every old Slave State, would be an attempt on the part of the white population to secure the new votes. Such, however, was not the immediate operation of the policy. The absolute social division of the races, the bitter feeling that naturally followed the war, the intrigues of unprincipled politicians, and the spirit of the Ku-Klux divided the two classes into two political camps. This has been a misfortune, but the original anticipation was still reasonable, although its fulfillment was deferred. It was tolerably clear that when the political dominance of one race had been definitely established, the old party lines would begin to fade, because projects within the party would instinctively seek the alliance of the other vote, and thus produce new political combinations. How this result would be accomplished it was utterly impossible to foretell. But in Georgia circumstances have suddenly made it probable. The old Constitution of the State was repugnant to many persons, and in the spring a vote was taken upon calling a Convention to frame a new one. The project was opposed by the Republicans, and although carried, it was carried by a majority which showed no very positive feeling upon the subject, and the Convention met in the summer, reframed the Constitution, and adjourned.

In the new instrument there is no offensive assertion of State sovereignty, as it was apprehended there might be, nor any discrimination on account of color, except in the schools. This is a blot upon the instrument, for such a distinction should not be lodged in the fundamental law. It is ordained that the social status of the citizen shall never be the subject of legislation, and the whipping-post and imprisonment for debt are prohibited. The public-school system, with the distinction already mentioned, is confirmed, with a larger revenue, and the range of studies limited to the English elementary branches. It was in the suffrage clause that the harsh treatment of the negro might be expected. But it is not there. A voter must have lived in the State for a year, and in the county for six months, and he must pay before voting all taxes due at the time he offers to vote. These are stricter conditions than those of the old Constitution, but they are not unreasonable. The required residence was formerly six months in the State and three in the county, and the required tax payment was merely of taxes of the year previous. There is also a strict system of registration. In these last provisions the essential difference in Democratic doctrine and practice between the Northern and Southern States will be noted. These guards of the suffrage, far from being extravagant or unjust, tend both to purify the ballot and to settle the population.

There are other provisions in the new Constitution which are significant. Salaries are reduced; elective offices increased in number; the site of the capital referred to the people; dueling is severely prohibited; the State-prison contract system is confirmed; the State University is sustained; legislative lobbying is made a crime; State aid to any private enterprise is forbidden; perpetual charters to any corporation with special immunities are prohibited; railroad freight and passenger tariffs are to be regulated by the Legislature; and certain State bonds denounced as fraudulent are repudiated. There are questions here involving great interests of capital and views of the public welfare which are sure to produce deep and warm differences of opinion. The adoption or rejection of the Constitution is a vital question for the State. The Republican vote will hold the balance of power, and here apparently is the beginning of new political associations. The discussion promises to be very earnest, and the alliances that are formed while it continues will not be dissolved. There is no longer any necessity of a "solid" Georgia as a protest against the supposed spirit of the national government, and we may justly expect in the State a return to a normal political condition. The vote upon the Constitution will be taken in December, and the debate has already begun.

ALMS AND WAGES.

THE recent letter of Mr. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT to the Mayor undoubtedly expressed a feeling, always existing in the community, of sympathy with honest laborers out of work, and a willingness to procure employment for them. But Mr. ROOSEVELT seems to suspect his own suggestion. "Here are honest people idle," he says, "who want to be at work, and there is plenty of work in the world to be done. Let us, then, put them at work, and not bother about the labor question and political economy, and all the rest of it, which nobody has ever settled, and nobody very well understands. We all trust you, Mr. Mayor; now go on, and get up some city work for these idle hands." The generous impulse, the humane wish, that suffering shall be relieved by some better method than alms—for Mr. ROOSEVELT says that the workmen are not beggars—are admirable and intelligible. If, however, Mr. ROOSEVELT discards what he impatiently contemns as "the everlasting principles of political economy," and as he doubtless says what a great many less intelligent, if not less sincere, men than he also think, let us look at the matter in a way that every body can understand.

The proposition is that the Mayor, or the municipal government, shall furnish work to those who wish it at fair living wages. The country, as Mr. ROOSEVELT remarks, and as we all know, is full of unemployed persons. They are estimated at a number ranging from three to four millions. The great army of tramps is an omnipresent witness of the situation. Now if half a dozen soup-kitchens attracted some twenty thousand strangers to the city during the winter three or four years ago, how many would permanent soup-kitchens attract? If the municipal government is to furnish work and wages to A because he wants them, upon the same principle it must go through the alphabet. But there is already such an outcry against the expenses of the city that there are those who desperately anticipate repudiation as the final result. Now the wages to be paid those who are to have work because they want it must be raised by taxes. The number to whom wages must be paid will necessarily be enormous. The taxation must increase accordingly. The burden would presently become intolerable, and the end would be a general swindle. Again, when it was known that the city of New York furnished work and wages to all needy comers, the flood-tide toward the city would bring hordes of the criminal classes from every part of the country. The legitimate expenses of the city would be immensely increased simultaneously with the vast outlay for charity.

But the principle and practice, if commendable for Mayor ELY and the city of New York, are equally so for every mayor and city and town and village in the country. If it be proper and necessary for the local authorities to furnish work and wages any where, it is proper every where. But what are those authorities? They are not a special class with resources of their own; they are the immediate representatives and agents, for specific purposes, of the local community. All the resources they have are moneys contributed by individuals. Calling them municipalities and their resources a public treasury and public funds does not change the fact. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S proposition, therefore, is that those who have work and who have laid up wages shall support those who have not. This fact is not changed by saying that nobody understands the question of labor and capital, and that it is vain to argue with empty bellies. Mr. ROOSEVELT, at least, is in a condition to argue, and he can undoubtedly see that to propose that those who work shall support those who do not, is to advocate what is called in France the overthrow of society. Of course his proposition is that those who have no work shall be given work and paid wages. But the work is something done merely that wages may be paid, and the wages do not represent a legitimate want of those who pay them, but charity. Now if municipal governments are charitable institutions with discretion of this kind, they have discretion of all similar kinds. And the end of such institutions is at hand. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S purpose—the relief of suffering—is, we repeat, one that appeals, and especially at this time, to every humane heart. But his scheme would infinitely multiply the mischief that it seeks to relieve. The city already has a Board of Charities, which Mr. ROOSEVELT unqualifiedly condemns. But there must be some authority to dispense the charity, whether in his form or another, and we do not see why any other board of the same kind is likely to be more serviceable.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT CLARK, of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, has just returned from Japan, and gives glowing accounts of that people. He says they love to do right. He never saw a quarrel in Japan, and never, in Japan or America, heard a Japanese student accused of immorality or of willfully offending his teachers. They are not indisposed to become Christians, and President CLARK thinks they may become a great power as missionaries in China and the countries round about.

—WILL CARLETON, author of *Farm Ballads* and *Farm Legends*, proves to be equally popular as lecturer and poet. In fact, he combines both in one, for his "Golden Horse" and "Science of Home" are lectures in verse. The first has been delivered with great success in several of the Western States, and our readers in New York and the Eastern States will be glad to hear that during the coming season they will have the opportunity of judging for themselves of the merit of these productions. Mr. CARLETON may be assured of a hearty welcome wherever he appears.

—Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, secretary of the Saratoga Monument Association, desires us to say that his address is Box 2374, New York Post-office, where contributions to the monument fund may be sent.

—Mr. A. J. SERVAAS VAN ROOIJEN, of Utrecht, Netherlands, sends us the following unique letter:

"Refering to the communication mentioned in Number 12 of *Euphonia*, concerning the idea of raising a monument on the tomb of late JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, and with regard to the general interest in the person and works of the celebrated historian, untersigned should like to gather any thing that has been written *by* and *on* him. Messrs editors and publishers of Day and Week papers would oblige him very much not only by entering upon this subject, but especially by providing him with those Papers in which is spoken of MOTLEY. Not before every body is willing to cooperate, the plan will be realized. Weekly there will be a regular review of all that has been received.

"A. J. SERVAAS VAN ROOIJEN,
Editor of *Euphonia*.

"UTRECHT (NETHERLANDS)."

—The Pennsylvania PENNYBACKERS are about to have a reunion, at which the ballad of "Washington at Pennybacker's Mill," from WINTHROP'S novel *Edwin Brothercroft*, will be read or sung. "General Pennybacker's March" will be performed, and the family Bibles exhibited, one of which is dated 1586. Colonel PENNYBACKER, of the United States army, though the youngest of the regimental colonels, is said to have more scars on the body and carried more lead in the body than any officer who fought in the rebellion.

—Mr. JOHN B. JERVIS, the engineer under whose direction the Croton Aqueduct was built, is now living, in excellent health, in Rome. He was a division engineer on the Erie Canal when that great work was in course of construction. He was also the engineer who supervised the making of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. After building the Croton Aqueduct, he built the Cochituate Water-Works, at Boston, and was the constructing engineer of the Hudson River Railroad.

—The recent death of Mr. ALVIN ADAMS, founder of Adams Express Company, furnishes a notable example of the magnitude to which great enterprises may grow from the smallest and most unpromising beginnings. It seems but yesterday since, with bag in hand, being his own clerk, messenger, and porter, Mr. ADAMS started on his first business trip to New York. Soon afterward operations were extended to Washington, connections were made with the chief points in New England, and extensions throughout the South. From such beginnings has grown the great and wealthy corporation which daily sends its messengers to every considerable place from Maine to Texas. The organizing power that brought this vast machine into perfect order and system was Mr. ADAMS and the men who became associated with him at the outset, chiefly WILLIAM B. DINSMORE, EDWARD S. SANFORD, and JOHN HOEY, each of whom, as the result of courage, persistence, prudence, probity, and sagacity, has won the affluence to which he was entitled, and which is quite consolatory as one approaches the evening of life.

—Rev. G. L. DEMAREST, a gentleman of scholarly attainments and tastes, and possessed of fine executive ability, has been appointed permanent secretary of the Grand Convention of the Universalist Church of America. Forty years ago, before he entered the ministry, Mr. DEMAREST occupied a responsible and confidential position with Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Senator MORTON even in the most critical hours of illness loses none of his pungent way of putting things. Dr. BLISS, of Washington, who attends him, is a frank, clever man, with perfect health and great powers of endurance. Although a light sleeper, he is sometimes not quick enough for his irritable patient. "Call BLISS," Mr. MORTON exclaimed, as he waked from a restless sleep the other night. An attendant left the room to obey the order. "Did you call him?" "Yes, Sir." "And is he coming?" "Yes, Sir." Half a minute more elapses. "Has the doctor come?" he asks again, very eagerly. "Not yet, Sir." "Well, will you have the kindness to say to him there is no occasion for him to appear here dressed for a party?"

—Baron ROTHSCHILD, of Paris, has bought the celebrated picture-gallery of VAN LOON at Amsterdam for $800,000.

—Earl RUSSELL celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on the 18th of August. It is sixty-four years since he first entered Parliament as member for Tavistock, and thirty-one since he first became Prime Minister of England.

—President HAYES says that Mr. PHELPS, of Bennington, Vermont, excels in dignity, grace, culture, and admirable wit any presiding officer he has ever met.

—DISRAELI'S epigrammatic remark in *Lothair*, "You know who the critics are—the men who have failed in literature and art," may have been an unconscious plagiarism from LANDOR'S *Imaginary Conversations*. In the dialogue between SOUTHEY and PORSON the latter says, "Those who have failed as painters become picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers."

—In a recent number of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the paper edited by HENRY WATTERSON, lately retired from Congress, is an elaborate sketch of Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD, known to the country as editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. In this article it is said, with every appearance of sincerity: "He is emphatically a busy man. This habit of constant and unremitting employment marks Mr. HALSTEAD'S manner, and gives him an appearance of abruptness which is only superficial. He loves to work and loves to play. The shell of his externals is pretty thick, but inside there is a genial and almost boyish freshness which surprises and delights you. As a writer, Mr. HALSTEAD is forcible and vigorous. He knows what he wants to say, says it, and quits. His idea once expressed, he does not care to go back and revamp it in finer words; he leaves it as it was first minted in his brain. His sense of humor is very keen, and he has a way of expressing his fun hesitantly."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A DISASTROUS fire took place in New York city, Monday morning, September 3, in which Hale's piano factory, situated about in the centre of the block between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets and Tenth and Eleventh avenues, was totally destroyed, together with many other buildings. The factory was a flimsy structure, and the flames spread with such rapidity that the hands had barely time to escape. One is known to have been killed, and several are still missing.

A large part of the town of Paris, Missouri, was destroyed by fire August 30. The loss is estimated at nearly a million dollars. There was but one engine in the town.

It appears that Hamlin and Allen, who while attempting to escape from the Connecticut State-prison murdered a night watchman, were assisted by another watchman, named John H. Davis. He furnished them with arms and money, and on the night of the murder left their cells unlocked.

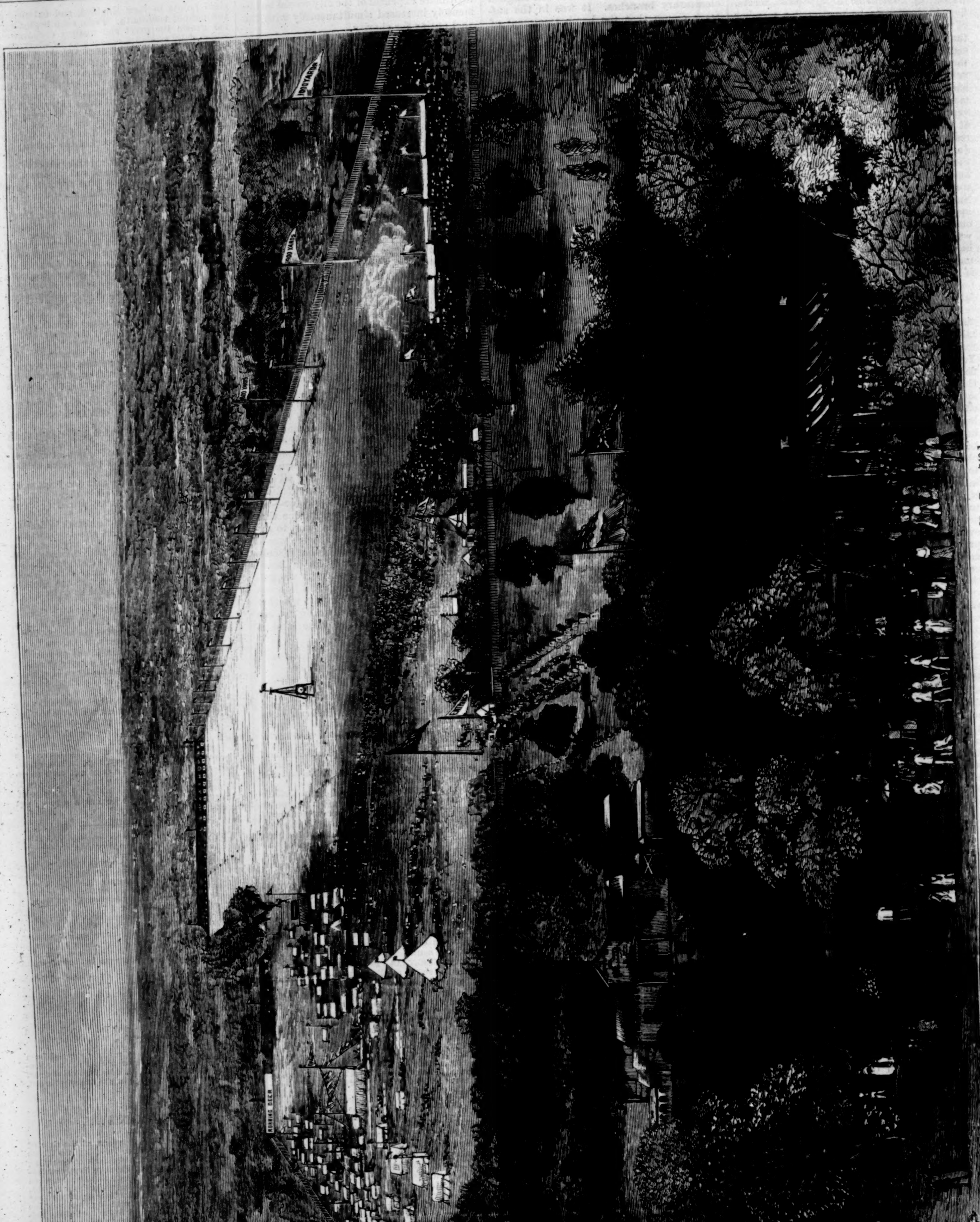
Mr. E. L. Davenport, the eminent tragedian, died September 1, at his residence at Canton, Pennsylvania. He was in his sixty-first year.

Chief "Crazy Horse," who recently escaped from Camp Robinson, was recaptured at Spotted Tail Agency September 4, and taken back to Camp Robinson. In a second attempt to escape he was fatally wounded, and died September 6.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Russians, at the time of writing, still hold the Shipka Pass, but the Turks claim the gain of important positions commanding the Russian intrenchments.—The most important battle since that of Plevna was fought September 4, when an attack was made on the forces under Osman Pasha. The assault was planned to take place simultaneously along the whole Russian line, reaching from near the mouth of the river Vid almost to the foot of the Balkans, south of Lovatz. The Turks made a gallant and desperate resistance, but lost one position after another. Before night they were driven out of Lovatz, and that town was occupied by the Russians. This victory not only atoned for the disaster at Plevna, but placed the Russian army under the Grand Duke Nicholas in a most advantageous position for further movements.—A Turkish force under Eyoub Pasha, on September 6, inflicted a severe defeat on the Twelfth Russian Army Corps, drove it across the river Lom in disorder, and compelled the Russians to abandon their fortified positions near Kechlowa.—The garrison in the Turkish fortress of Widdin has been raised to 8000 men, in consequence of the threatening attitude of Servia.

GENERAL NEWS: The French government has abandoned the project of a state funeral for the late M. Thiers, as his widow insisted upon being herself allowed to arrange the order of the cortége.—There are three counts in the indictment against M. Gambetta, which charge offenses against the person of the President and against the republic, including one for the passage in his Lille speech ending with the words, "Se soumettre ou se démettre." There are six counts for public insults to the ministers. The government will not permit the trial to be reported.—It is reported that the Pope has resolved to restore the Romish hierarchy in Scotland, and that Cardinal Manning will shortly go to Rome on a confidential mission connected with this project. The Pope's health is said to be improving.



CREEDMOOR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 743.]

THE DEATH OF THIERS.

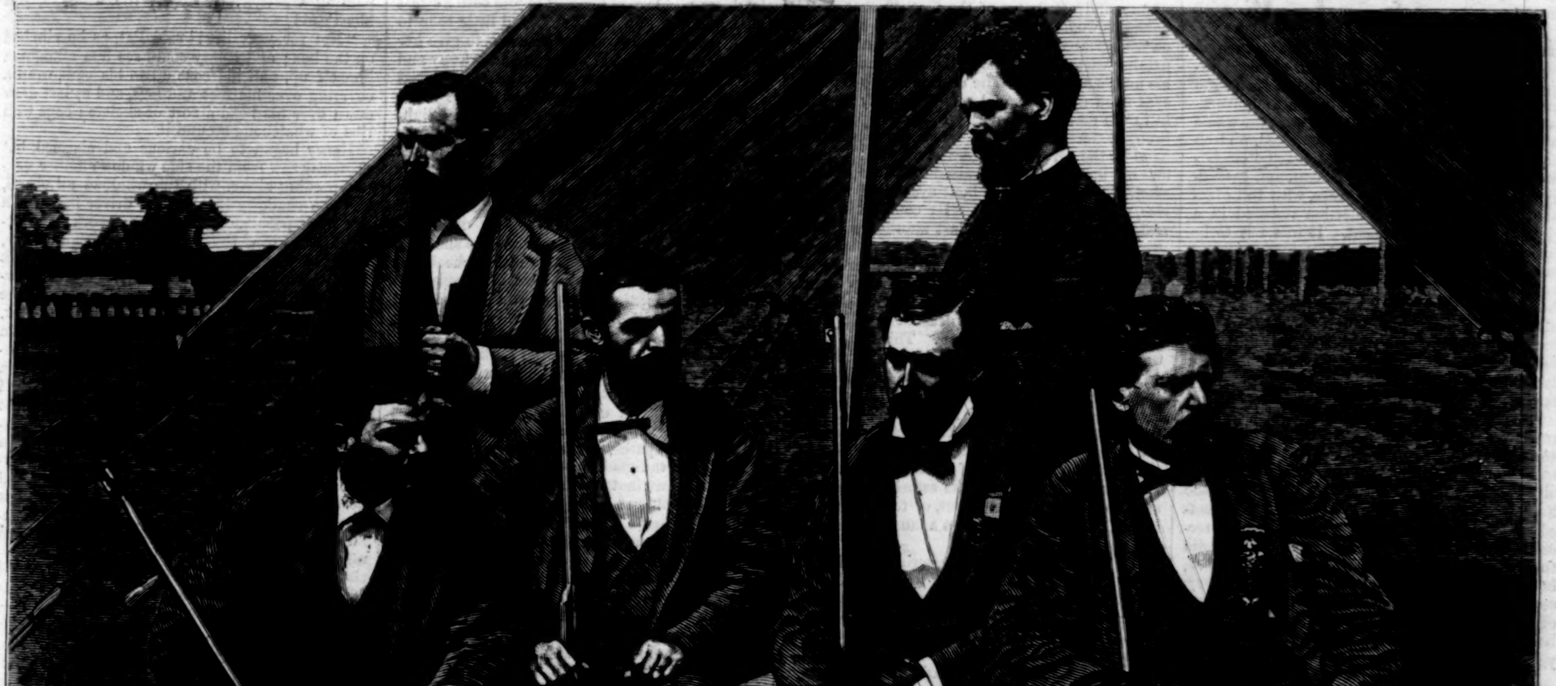
M. Louis Adolphe Thiers, the veteran French statesman, was born at Marseilles in April, 1797. His parents belonged to the middle class, known in France as the *bourgeoisie*. Having passed his boyhood in securing a common-school education at the lyceum of his native city, young Thiers was subsequently sent to Aix, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. During the leisure usually at the command of a juvenile barrister, the future statesman applied himself to the study of politics, and began an exhaustive work of ten volumes on the French Revolution. The precocity of his intellect and the early age at which he began to form the political opinions of which his life was the exponent are illustrated by the following anecdote told of him during his school-days at Aix: At a public examination Thiers had carried off the first prize for eloquence; but his name was not divulged, on account of the Jacobin tendencies of the pupil, and the professors determined to postpone the adjudication of the prize to the following year. Next year Thiers seemed unwilling to compete. The professors were delighted, and in great haste adjudged the reward to some one else. It seems, however, that Thiers, under an assumed name and in some one else's handwriting, had really composed the prize essay; and thus, notwithstanding the monarchical tendency of the faculty, Thiers won both the prize and the *proxime accessit*.

Between 1823, the date at which the first volume of his history appeared, and its completion in 1832, Thiers figured conspicuously as a journalist, and wrote much on the liberal side against the unconstitutional government of Charles X. and Prince Polignac. Under the new *régime* which ensued upon the revolution of 1830, he became Under Secretary of State, and was subsequently elected to the Chamber of Deputies. In 1832 he was chosen Minister of the Interior in the Soult cabinet. Afterward he was by turns Minister of the

THE LATE M. THIERS.

Interior, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, under various chiefs. In February, 1836, he was nominated President of the Council and Foreign Minister by Louis Philippe, but only held this office until August of the same year, when he passed into the opposition. In 1840 his party was again successful, and once more he was recalled to the head of the ministry. As before, he failed to satisfy the demands made upon him. The king supported him indifferently, and the Chamber of Deputies crippled his home policy. In foreign affairs he had still worse success. The extreme measures he advocated were not sanctioned, and, after six months of mortification and discouragement, he resigned.

On all occasions of political defeat, Thiers found his consolation in literature. He now began his great work called *L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and also resumed charge of a newspaper known as the *Constitutionnel*, of which he had formerly been the head. In journalism his talents were conspicuous. One author says of him: "He had the qualities required by the editor of a leading opposition newspaper. He had abundant confidence in his own judgment, and lost no opportunity of acquiring information. His articles were characterized by vigor of thought and remarkable purity of style; he speedily comprehended every subject in detail which he considered, and his ready perception, versatility, boldness, and controversial ability were almost incredible. He had unlimited confidence in his own ideas. 'I only ask a quarter of an hour,' said he, 'to be able to explain the financial policy of Great Britain.' In the same way, at a later period, meeting Marshal Bazaine, he accosted him: 'I was waiting for your visit, being very desirous to explain the very unfortunate and disastrous capitulation of Metz,' and then proceeded to give the marshal, for two hours, particulars of the scenes in which the latter had been chief actor. Finance, the art of war, painting, civil administration, science, all



John Glynn, Jun. Captain James Buckley.
E. T. Manning. J. K. Renaud. R. G. Eyrich. Dudley Selph. William Arms.

CREEDMOOR—THE CRESCENT CITY TEAM.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 743.]

were topics which he had at his finger's end. He was an encyclopedia in his information. He was impatient of control; if his views were not accepted he would enforce them by a torrent of argument, illustration, and imperative requirements, and very likely would then refuse to co-operate with those who differed from him."

Prior to the Revolution of 1848, Thiers constantly printed the most withering attacks upon Louis Philippe's pusillanimity in foreign affairs, and favored political reforms, but not a republic. When, however, the king had fled and the republic was established, he accepted it as a protection against anarchy. In June of the same year he was elected to the Constituent Assembly by four departments, receiving in all 97,304 votes. He now spoke vehemently and published pamphlets against the socialists, and on the breaking out of the insurrection voted to confer dictatorial powers upon General Cavaignac. Subsequently he supported Louis Napoleon for President, and fought a duel with Bixio for repeating a rumor that he had previously disparaged that candidate. Before the next election, however, Thiers became persuaded that Louis Napoleon aimed at imperialism, and the great statesman labored heartily for his defeat. The result was that after the *coup d'état* of 1851 Thiers was arrested, imprisoned, and politely conducted to the frontier. At the end of a year and a half he was permitted to return, and in 1863 he took the oath of allegiance to the Empire. After this he was elected to the Chamber, but constantly spoke and acted against the Emperor's ministry. He disapproved of the Crimean and Italian wars, and of the Mexican expedition. He also vehemently opposed the war with Prussia, declaring, in a powerful speech, that that nation had given no cause for hostilities. Subsequently, however, his patriotism led him to visit London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna in the vain endeavor to secure aid for France.

Throughout the whole war the activity of Thiers was extraordinary, his intellectual resources seemed inexhaustible, and on the convention of a National Assembly at Bordeaux, in 1871, he was almost unanimously chosen executive chief of the Republic of France. The election occurred on the 17th of February, and on the 18th the new chief made an eloquent address to the government, urging the necessity of immediate peace. Commissioners were accordingly appointed, and Thiers himself repaired to Paris to confer with Bismarck. The two great statesmen had been friends of long standing, but on this occasion it was impossible to avoid heated and angry discussions. The story is told, however, that as Thiers sorrowfully affixed his signature to the agreement, Bismarck seized his hand, saying: "I understand and honor your grief; I am minister of Prussia, and you of France; what I have done I was obliged to do." Thiers arranged all the conditions of peace with Germany, and it was owing to his active exertions and financial sagacity that the indemnity of five milliards of francs was paid before the appointed time.

Having settled the difficulties induced by the war, Thiers was able to direct his attention to the consolidation of the republic. This, however, was not an easy task, for the National Assembly was disposed to decentralize the governmental authority. In August, however, the whole subject of administration was discussed, and on the 1st of September a law was enacted conferring on Thiers the title of President, and extending his term of office three years, with full executive powers. The next election resulted in a triumph for his government. It was not to be expected, however, that President Thiers would find perfect harmony in his administration. In one instance he insisted upon the abrogation of the principal commercial treaties, and upon the adoption of a stringent protective policy. He also demanded that raw material, among other articles, should be taxed. The National Assembly, by a decided vote, negatived the proposition, except in case of failure of certain other sources of income.

In spite of occasional difficulties with the Assembly, Thiers ruled France with great sagacity and success for more than two years, though it was sometimes his habit to compromise his dignity by joining in the hot debates peculiar to the French government. He also threatened repeatedly to resign unless the course of action he recommended at the time should be adopted. He did this once too often. On the 24th of May, 1873, in a petulant humor, he resigned his Presidency, and was taken at his word. He was voted out of office by a majority of 16, Marshal M'Mahon being appointed in his stead for a period of seven years.

The death of ex-President Thiers occurred on the night of Monday, September 3. Up to a few days before the event the state of his health gave no cause for alarm. He had been staying at St. Germain-en-Laye for about three weeks, and with the exception of a slight cold, of which he complained casually, nothing was noticed in his manner to create the least alarm. He was engaged in his study until twelve o'clock on Monday, and went to lunch with some friends shortly after noon. He complained of sickness and depression before the meal was ended, and suddenly became speechless while making an attempt to explain something to one of the attendants. It was noticed that his sight became dimmed; his mouth was drawn up to the left side. All the symptoms indicated apoplexy. Several physicians were called in, and leeches were applied. The patient was utterly prostrated. He became unconscious toward four o'clock, and even while the physicians were applying the regular remedies, the great statesman passed away in a fit at a few minutes before six.

In personal appearance Thiers was small and insignificant. A French writer, describing him as he appeared when at the head of the French government, says: "On entering the Chamber of Deputies on a field day, you see a little man in the tribune in a state of violent agitation. His head is only just visible above the marble rail that tops the narrow cage from whence each speaker in his turn perorates. The face that belongs to that head is a very plain one, and, as it were, hung behind a huge pair of spectacles; but the features are lively, mobile, expressive, and original. The lips, thin, capricious, sneering like Voltaire's, are in continual play, with a smile that is delicate, sarcastic, and inquisitorial in the extreme.... Stop your ears at first and open them by degrees, for the voice you will hear is one of those shrill, scolding, stridulous voices that would make Lablache faint or Rubini shudder.... Yet this little man with this voice is none other than M. Thiers, one of the most eminent men of the day, one of the most powerful orators in the House. That squeaking voice utters words which are always heard with favor, and are often applauded with frantic enthusiasm. From that nasal larynx flows out a speech clear as crystal, rapid as thought, weighty and concise as meditation."

AN ALIEN'S VISIT TO MUSGEDO BAY.

One of our airy, open street cars halted not many mornings ago in one of our spacious avenues, and a young man swung himself off the platform. He was of middle height, rather stout in form, florid in complexion. His head sat upon his shoulders with that firmness and ponderosity that at various times had occasioned vulgar people to call him bull-necked; his attire was, perhaps, what these same people would term a little *loud*, being composed chiefly of stripes and plaids of divers dimensions; his boots shone to the objectionable extent of calling attention to their size, and the singular bumps and hillocks cleverly devised to conceal bunions. But all this is immaterial. He was certainly a very nice, smart young man, and as he walked into a thriving variety store with the name of Bowdon over the door, a woman behind the counter, also stout and florid, with the same tendency to bull-neckedness, sprang, or rather waddled, forward to meet him, and fell weeping upon his neck.

"Of all blessed things," she cried, "if here ain't our 'Enery all the way from dear old Shropshire! Dear, deary me! Just 'tend the shop, Hemily my dear," she added, to a young woman who was waiting upon a customer, "and the first chance you get come into the back-room and see my nevy, growed out of all hunderstandin', but still the same 'andsome lad. Deary me! I'm just done over, what with the 'eat and the surprise and the 'appiness of it all!"

Mrs. Bowdon had never done such execution with the letter *h* in the whole memory of her young assistant; but then what a fine young man her nephew was!

"I declare, you might knock me down with a feather!" said good Mrs. Bowdon.

While the customer was pondering over the nature and attributes of the feather that could floor this woman of commerce, she and her nephew disappeared into the back-room, the nephew in passing casting one comprehensive glance upon his aunt's assistant. The customer also kept his eyes fixed upon her, and was singularly hard to fit in the matter of gloves. Pair after pair were brought forth, measured upon the customer's hand by the deft little fingers of the sales-woman, and her brown eyes were raised to his again, questioningly, and they both bent over them to criticise, and still he lingered. He couldn't seem to make up his mind, till at last another customer came in, and the first customer—nay, not the first, by any means, but the present customer—went reluctantly away, saying he might have to change the gloves after all, whereupon she smiled sweetly, and nodded to him a pleasant good-by, and turned to the next customer. This time there was some ribbon to be matched, and this customer, also a gentleman, seemed also difficult to suit; and they had to go over to the window to see better, and her slim little fingers whisked about the pretty bauble in such a wonderful way that the young man was dazzled. He told his sister afterward he'd just as lief match ribbon for her as not, and the next time she asked him he didn't swear, or fling himself about, or tell her to do it herself, but went as meek as a lamb to Mrs. Bowdon's store again.

All this, of course, is immaterial, only I wanted to explain that this young woman Emily was an exceedingly fascinating, agreeable, bewitching person; and Mrs. Bowdon told her nephew in confidence she just hated to have her go home on her vacation.

"I've got so short of breath, 'Enery my dear, and my knees ain't what they used to be; the j'ints is stiff, you see. But as for Hemily, she's as long-winded as a mountain 'orn, and can talk a bird off a bush. For the matter of knees, I don't believe she knows what j'ints is. She makes her salary in profits hover and hover again every day of her life; and atween you and me, if she wanted a raise, she'd only have to ask for it. But, bless your soul, 'Enery my dear, her folks is well-to-do; they're market-gardeners down on the coast somewhere, at a place with an outlandish name—Musgedo it is they call it—and they make heaps and heaps of money fetching up truck in covered wagons, and long afore the blessed day dawns a-linin' the streets with 'em. Her father's a very comfortable man—very; a little sharp in feature and leathery in skin, but very comfortable. He must own a tidy place down there, from what I hear. There's acres of glass—"

"Glass!" echoed her nephew.

"Yes, glass—forcin' frames, you know. First there's lettuce and greens and things, and then there's cowcumbers, and the Lord knows what, when wegetables are 'igh. 'Enery my dear, just think of it! Then he has a bed of his own in the bay—"

"A bed in the bay!" echoed her nephew.

"Yes, an oyster bed, you know. He's nautical; I tell him he's nautical and he's naughty—he! he! 'Enery my dear, my little joke, you see—for he will get on a 'igh 'orse now and then, and goes the nearest to swearin' for a deacon—But laws o' mercy! the shop's full; I must go and 'elp Hemily. Take a little summat to drink, dear; you'll find it in the closet there, and a bun or two. We'll have dinner sharp at twelve."

Henry said he'd wait for dinner then, and go take a walk about town.

But whether the young man was afraid of getting lost in a strange city, or whether he thought, as so many of Emily's patrons did, that it was pleasanter in the shop than out of it, he did not go for his walk about town, but remained in the close vicinity of that busy young maiden, fondly supposing that his stolen glances upon her were all unheeded, and that his severe manner of examining the goods led his aunt to think he was lingering there from the profound interest he took in the haberdashery line of business. But that good woman, though, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, was not at all dreamy and abstracted, but exceedingly sharp in her way, and saw with considerable unction that this commendable young shop-woman of hers had found favor in the sight of her nephew; so a little later on, when the substantial and appetizing dinner was brought to a comfortable close, Mrs. Bowdon proposed that instead of the walk about town, Emily should have a half-holiday, and go with Henry to the Park.

"You might get lost, you see, deary," she said; "and Hemily needs a little fun as well as the rest. So run up and get your bonnet on, Hemily my dear, and have a good time of it.

"'Pluck ye the roses while ye may,'"

sang the good woman to Henry, in a wheezy voice.

Emily did not only put her bonnet on, but she rolled up her hair anew, and changed her dress and her shoes, and put a little bow of ribbon here and a bit of lace there, and came down stairs, Henry thought, looking like an out-and-out princess. His pulse beat quicker as he walked by her side, and he couldn't for the life of him fall into the easy, rollicking manner that characterized him upon his native heath.

"She's as trim and complete as a picture," he said to himself, contrasting the fleshly charms of the girls of Shropshire rather unfavorably with those of this beautiful American.

His aunt's shop was in the vicinity of one of the theatres, and as Emily timidly proposed they should take a street car to the Park, a line of hacks caught our foreigner's eye.

"'Ang the cars!" he said, with reckless generosity; "we'll 'ave a cab."

And when she besought him to bargain with the driver, and he found afterward how really necessary this prudence was upon her part, and when she threw back the light mantle from her shoulders, and leaned forward to him with a sweet smile, and said in a timid, shy, glad little tone to him that he was *so* good and generous to give her this happiness, he had to turn suddenly away and look out of the window, and make some trivial remark about the weather. He felt the blood rushing up to his face with the fluster and delight of it all. He made up his mind there and then that he was just in love with her, and that was all about it. It didn't make any difference, *his* fate was sealed. Her dress was so charming, her manner so modest, her voice so gentle and sweet! And how wonderful she talked!—a dictionary was nothing to it. And then, what eyes she had! And that faint, changing color in her cheeks, so different from the blowsy bloom of Shropshire! And her white little hands and snug little boots! Oh, there was no manner of use in struggling against it—he was gone! He told her so before the day was over. You see, the Park was an accessory in itself. They strayed together through the Ramble, and floated like the swans upon the unruffled bosom of the lake, and sat within the lovely summer-houses, and lingered in the fragrant flowery paths, and she was still so shyly grateful for the glad, happy day—how could he help telling her that it was *he* that was under the debt of obligation?

"It's me that's obleeged," he said. And she thought how funny these foreigners talked; and if he wasn't a lord, his side whiskers and the plaid in his pants were just like Dundreary's that last time she went to the theatre. And she was glad, anyway, that Mary Jane Tompkins saw them in the carriage together. Mary Jane was in a street car, standing up, clinging, hot and wretched, to the strap; and as Emily caught her eye, and she started and looked upon the carriage and upon Emily's companion, and nodded with a little sniff of disdain, Emily knew that at that moment the iron had entered the soul of Mary Jane Tompkins.

It is pleasant to linger upon this part of my story. I would fain loiter longer with them in these primrose paths of dalliance, or remain further even in the commercial precincts of the shop. Mrs. Bowdon was motherly and indulgent; she let the young people have it all their own way; her dinners were excellent; the big room over the store was spacious and cool, and at this season of the year was kept in a dim sort of twilight. Ah, well, it was indeed too beautiful to last.

The day came when Emily bade him good-by, but only for a brief period. He was to follow her down to the sea-coast, where her father, Captain Van Metor, lived, with his acres of glass and his bed of oysters—Captain Van Metor, of Musgedo Bay. Henry thought the name Musgedo such an odd one. What did Emily think it was derived from?

Emily didn't exactly know; Spanish, perhaps. Musgedo sounded Spanish, didn't it? Of course it did, said Henry, and it didn't matter, anyway; it was where she was going, and where he was to follow. And then they went back again, poor young creatures, to the old, old story. It makes me sad to think of it.

Not many days after Emily took her departure the thriving shop was also bereft of the smile and smart presence of the nephew of good Mrs. Bowdon.

"Don't go out without a 'at on," she said, in bidding him good-by. "Your skin is so tender and thin like; you're so light-complected; your cheeks, 'Enery my dear, is like strawberries and cream;" and she gave him a motherly, good-humored smack, and away he went to Musgedo Bay.

It was the season of the year familiarly known as the dog-days, and was even very hot for that sultry period. The perspiration rolled in streams from the young man's brow, and, indeed, from every pore in his body, as he proceeded on his journey. First he took off his duster, then his coat, and longed to doff the yellow waistcoat, which he felt certain was becoming wrinkled and demoralized, as the jolting and shabby train rattled on its way. The afternoon waned; the fiery orb of day sank into the arms of night; but this did not seem to mend matters much in the way of heat. The folks in the train gasped, and gave way to profanity, and yawned; and it grew hotter and hotter, till Henry could not help thinking how singular it was that Emily's father ever had occasion to force a vegetable. He looked out of the window, expecting to see tropical vegetation looming up before him, but only a few stunted pines dotted the everlasting sand; and then the conductor came along and slammed down all the windows. Henry endeavored to stop him when he reached his particular window.

"Why—" began Henry.

But the man only said, "Musgedo," and shook his head solemnly, and went on to the next window. Nobody else seemed to remonstrate. They still groaned and yawned and fidgeted, but made no opposition. What did it matter, anyway? It was the sand, he supposed; and what did he care about the sand? "A land of sand," he murmured; "and he loved but one woman, and none but she." And so he went on, poor unfortunate fellow, to station after station, and the cars were almost emptied of their hot and dusty and profane freight, and at last a heavy lunge brought them to the last station. "Musgedo Bay!" cried the conductor, and Henry started to his feet. Only a little drive now to Captain Van Metor's, and he would see her! Pooh! what was heat, or fatigue, or sand, or any thing to the thoughts of seeing Emily?

It was rather a desolate scene that he looked out upon, but he was soon snugly ensconced in a queer little carry-all, with a jolly Irishman for a driver.

"All aboard for Captain Van Metor's!" said the driver. "Get in, get in, for the love of Heaven, and let me shut the door on ye!"

"But the windows are all down!" cried our panting traveller. "Hopen the windows, you block'ead!"

"Not for your life!" said Pat, as he climbed on the box; and Henry could see him straighten himself up, pull his coat up to his ears, wrap a covering over his feet and legs, and at last draw down over his head a sort of skeleton cage with ribs of whalebone around it.

Henry began to be curious and alarmed, but presently saw from the side window another wagon speeding along, with the windows all closed, and the shadowy head of the driver inclosed in the same peculiar kind of frame-work; and before he had time to consider this foreign custom, they drove through a gateway, and out he got from the steaming carry-all. Reeking and exhausted, he felt himself for one minute in the open air, and a languid breeze touching his cheek, and it seemed to him this breeze had almost a substance to it—a queer, floating, downy substance; and a slight sting, two or three stings, a dozen of them, smarted his cheek and his ear, and his eyelids and his nose. But the door opened at once, and he was drawn within, and it was quickly shut again; and here was Emily all clad in white, with flowers at her breast and in her flowing hair. She was more beautiful than ever, and he loved her more than words could tell. His love made him speechless and helpless to remonstrate with her taking the trouble to brush him off with a sort of feather broom, which she insisted upon doing, as they stood there in a kind of vestibule, shut off from the main hall by the frame-work of a door covered with a net-work of wire; and presently, when they went within this door, he found that opposite him was another one of this pretty zigzag wire-work, and the windows were also covered with it; and he said to himself it was because of the flies, perhaps, but didn't care. What in the world did it matter about net-work, or flies, or *any thing!*—here was Emily playing on the piano, more like a princess than ever, and singing like a nightingale, while her mother, a very respectable lady, rocked one baby in the cradle and another upon her knees; several tidy, well-behaved, lovely children sported about the rooms, and they were all very happy indeed. The nautical father had gone for a sail, and had been becalmed, Mrs. Van Metor thought; but nobody seemed to mind that, and why should Henry? So they went on being happy. The parlors were very fine. There were pictures and books, but Henry didn't look at them; he could only look upon Emily. There was a very nice little supper laid for them in a large, well-lighted room at the back of the hall, and there were more doors and windows of net-work; and Henry thought again of how they must hate flies—not one was to be seen even on the ceiling. Then after a while they bade each other good-night, and went to bed, not, however, until Henry in his infatuation had hinted to the lady in the rocking-chair something of the state of his mind about Emily; but she seemed to be taken up

with the babies, and wasn't at all wonder-stricken or any thing. Henry felt encouraged more and more that the course of his love would run smooth. He went to his room, but not to bed. To bed? Ignoble thought! Oh no; his head was too full of his dreams of delight. He went about the room, murmuring to himself little love rhymes that he had picked up here and there. He went over to the window and apostrophized the stars. He couldn't see many stars, because the windows were covered with the ubiquitous and inevitable net-work, but the languid breeze swept through it, and he heard the cheerful and musical hum of the insect world outside. How strange and mystical and beautifully intricate were nature and nature's progeny! How numerous it was! He could see the sky, and a bit of water gleaming in the distance, where the nautical father was doubtless becalmed. How would he feel when he knew the full nature of Henry's errand? How could he bear to see his child carried away from him to a foreign shore? Perhaps he couldn't bear it, perhaps he wouldn't. Ah, what then? Then would come the struggle—and the victory, for have her he would; yes, roared Henry, have her he would, despite yonder nautical father; and he dashed his hand defiantly to the distant water. To his surprise and alarm, his hand went through the net-work, and reached the outer air beyond. This net-work was not of sturdy wire upon the upper floors, but of some flimsy material which offered no resistance to the defiant hand of the lover, who looked at the jagged rent before him in dismay. He was afraid a fly or two might get in, and endeavored as best he could to pin the stuff together; but it flapped idly upon the languid breeze, and fretted the ardor and enthusiasm of this stalwart alien. Exhausted with varied emotions, he threw himself upon the bed, leaving the lamp still burning, and fell asleep. Toward morning he struggled out of a terrible nightmare that seemed to have lasted through many an agonizing hour. It appeared to him that the nautical father of his beloved Emily, with a piratical band of assistants, had seized him and buried him in the sand of this burning region up to his head; they had then smeared molasses upon him, and left him a prey to hundreds—yes, thousands—aye, millions and billions—of wasps, of gnats, of scorpions, of every living thing that was endowed by an inscrutable Creator with fangs and stings. He struggled out of this frightful dream, and started back as the lamp near the mirror shone full upon a form reflected there. Whose was that bulgy head, that swollen face covered with leprous spots? And what was this cloud about him, that followed, pursued him, caught him, horned him, stung him to madness? He battled with the horrible weighty mass of it, then with the filmy bits of it. He beat it back. It had a million, a billion, of lives in reserve. It had a voice that chanted and hummed its warriors on. They screamed upon his track. He was beaten, broken, demoralized, covered with gore, and overpowered with numbers. He sought refuge in flight. He sprang to the door, but, bleeding, dying as he was, the one thought of Emily restrained him. He fell back, sad and despairing, leaving the door, however, open, and finding a slight relief in the main army of his enemies taking flight into the hall and down through the stairways.

Presently there was heard an uprousing of people in the rooms below. Doors were opened and shut, babies began to cry, and remained crying. A man's voice shouted out, "Thunderation!" and then broke into still more violent invectives. Slaps and bangs and stifled groans came to Henry's distracted ears. At last a step ascended the stairs, and even as Telemachus knew when he saw Minerva, Henry became aware that before him was his nautical host. He was very lightly clad, but Henry felt that it was Captain Van.

"Shut the window, you thunderin' fool!" shouted the captain. "Don't you see the net's busted?" And as Henry seemed incapable of speech or movement, the captain went over and banged it down himself. Then he turned to Henry, and his face was eloquent.

"Hinadvertently I put my 'and through it," said poor Henry.

"Oh, you doggoned idiotic cuss!" said the captain; "you've ruined me; you've let 'em in on me, and we won't get rid of 'em till Christmas. You miserable, mean, shif-shuffle of an orang-outang, don't you know what it is to let the skeeters git the upper hand at this time in the year?"

"Skeeters?" echoed feebly the alien.

"Oh! good Lud a'mighty, mister," cried the captain, "where *did* you come from, anyway?"

"From England, Sir," said Henry, with an abortive attempt at dignity—"from Shropshire."

"I thought so," groaned his host—"a bloody Britisher! Don't know a skeeter, of course, from a buffalo. Oh! let me get out of here before I murder him!" And out he flung, shutting the door behind him.

Henry swathed himself in the sheets and blankets, and remained there till daylight. Then he crept down to the dining-room. The respectable lady—in fact, the whole household—was up and dressed, the appearance of the babies lacerating his heart: so lovely and spotless the night before, and now, alas!—

Here he caught sight of the carry-all at the door, with the driver already panoplied for the journey.

"Take me away from here!" cried Henry.

"Have some camphire on your face," said his hostess, in a melancholy voice.

Henry shook his head, and went to the door.

"Have a cup of coffee before you go," she said.

But Henry went desperately on, his one thought to flee from the sight of his beloved Emily. He went rapidly through the hall, through the net door of the vestibule. Alas! the outer door was securely fastened. He tugged at the bolts and bars, he fumbled at the key.

"It's a patent lock," said a musical voice—"I'll unfasten it, Mr. Bowdon;" and there was Emily, unscathed, spotless, blushing, blooming as a dew-bathed rose. She tried not to laugh; she bit her lips; she put her handkerchief to her mouth; she did her best to look upon him as the object of pity which he veritably was. But it was all in vain; one wild, ringing peal of laughter burst from her lips, and Henry sprang into the carry-all. *He* never smiled again.

He had his return ticket in his pocket. He went directly to the pier; the steamer in which he had come to America was to return that day.

In the list of passengers was the name of Henry Bowdon, Esq.

He wrote to his aunt from the other side.

CREEDMOOR.

THE popular interest in the great international rifle match on the Creedmoor grounds is greater this year than on any previous occasion. The wonderful skill and precision of the rival teams, the steadiness of their shooting, and the uniformity of their scores in preliminary practice raised public expectation to the highest point; and few doubted that, whichever party won in the great contest of skill on the 13th of September, the victors would feel that the glory of their triumph was enhanced by the prowess of their opponents.

As many of our readers have not visited Creedmoor, we give on page 740 a bird's-eye view of the grounds, which are situated at Creedmoor, Queens County, Long Island, upon the Long Island Central Railroad, twelve miles from Hunter's Point. These grounds are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they were selected. As level as a billiard table, they afford twenty separate ranges, each of which can be used at distances varying from a hundred to a thousand yards, without the use of elevated firing stands, found necessary upon most English and Canadian rifle ranges. The grounds forming a perfect plain, the association, in order to insure safety, was compelled to construct a heavy embankment in the rear of the targets. This was originally twenty-five feet high and five hundred and seventy feet long. The height has been materially increased by a close fence of thick planking on the top of the embankment, running its whole length.

Since the grounds were first opened in 1873, many improvements have been made. A large area of land has been added, affording more space for the tents and camps shown on the left of our picture. The building in the middle of the foreground is the railway station. To the right is a structure which forms a general rendezvous for visitors, where a great deal of sport may be enjoyed in firing with shot-guns at glass balls thrown into the air. From the station a broad avenue, lined with trees, runs to the main entrance to the grounds. On the right are flag-poles indicating the several ranges at which the matches are shot. In the centre is seen a tall tripod surmounted by a vane, which is connected by rods with a large clock face, the hands of which indicate the direction of the wind, and thus explain the frequent announcement upon published scores that the wind was from half past six to seven. The pennant upon this tripod, as well as those upon the various flag-staffs down the range, serve to acquaint the riflemen with the varying force or value of the wind. The restaurant, controlled by the association, stands on the right of the entrance. On the left is General DAKIN's tent, with the running deer beyond, and in the extreme distance may be seen the fixed targets, relieved against the heavy embankment.

Apart from the pleasure which all take in exhibitions of great skill in marksmanship, there can be no doubt of the practical advantages of rifle practice in a country like ours, where the regular army is small, and where, in times of peril from foreign invasion or domestic insurrection, the government must rely upon trained volunteers for the maintenance of its safety. The efficiency of the rifle as a military weapon was first recognized in the Indian wars which marked the early settlement of this country, and confirmed by the experience of our war of independence against England; but although our military successes in the earlier part of our history were largely due to the skill in its use displayed by our ancestors, we have been in danger of losing sight of the fact that the change in the habits of the American people is rapidly depriving them of that proficiency in arms which once formed one of the great elements of our national strength. We have ceased for years to be a "nation of marksmen" with the rifle, the shot-gun being by far the favorite arm. Except on the Indian frontier, it is no longer necessary to personal safety to bear arms, and since the banishment of large game to distant regions the majority of our people have become disaccustomed to the use of the rifle. This is the more to be regretted as the general introduction of breech-loading arms of long range and precision has made the marksman's skill in time of war even more important now than it was under the old system. The rapidity of fire which makes these weapons so formidable in the hands of trained marksmen results in a waste of ammunition by those unfamiliar with their use, which may leave an army helpless at the decisive moment of a battle.

We were behind almost all nations in recognizing these facts and acting on them. France, Germany, England, and Canada long since gave to rifle practice a leading position in their systems of military training. In the latter countries the success that has been attained, not only in producing good marksmen, but in making the subject popular among the people at large, has been very great. The Wimbledon contests in England are too well known to need description, and 150,000 trained riflemen are a standing proof of their value. So, on our northern border, Canada boasts her 40,000 skilled shots, and has her annual local, provincial, and Dominion matches, by which their skill is maintained. It is passing strange that in the United States, where the whole system of national defense is based upon the levying of volunteers in cases of emergency, this important branch of military instruction was neglected so long after its utility had been demonstrated in Europe and on our own border.

Not until 1871 was any serious attempt made to provide a remedy for this defect in military training. In that year a number of gentlemen formed in this city the now famous "National Rifle Association," under whose auspices Creedmoor has become known to the whole world, and through whose influence and example similar associations have been formed throughout the country. The association was incorporated by the Legislature, and has received from the State and city and from private subscriptions sufficient sums of money to place its management upon a sound financial basis. From the first its affairs have been under the direction of able and zealous officers, and in every respect it has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

On our double page will be found the portraits of the British and American teams, including the reserves and scorers of both rifle teams, and the officers and scorers of the United Kingdom team. In the centre are the British and American arms. On page 741 we give the Crescent City team, whose practice at Creedmoor has been so excellent. A finer body of riflemen was never seen together than the contestants at the several Creedmoor matches this year.

BEAUX OF FORMER TIMES.

WE much question whether the celebrated Beau Brummel and even the equally celebrated Romeo Coates were not absolutely mere Quakers in their dress compared with some of the distinguished dressers of the former days. Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely powdered, and embroidered with pearl; in the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig in place of a button; his trunk-hose or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6000, and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

King James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked on so loosely that when he chose to shake off a few on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and he wore diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made—the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute—one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat, and spurs.

When the difference in the value of money is considered, the sums thus ridiculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 23.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 29.—St. Michael.
Sunday, 30.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE papal organs in Rome do not hesitate to counsel the overthrow of the French government. The *Voce della Verita* considers it "the indispensable duty of French Catholics to emancipate themselves in due time from the incubus of the hybrid republic, and proclaim the restoration of the hereditary, legitimate monarchy." The *Civilta Cattolica*, the Jesuit organ, advises France to make war upon Italy and Germany. "When France," it says, "is consolidated, as consolidated she must be, from within, her policy will impel her to crush the two unities—the German and the Italian. This is a necessity of her existence." War throughout the Continent in the interest of the papacy is the ultramontane programme. It remains to be seen whether the people of France will sacrifice their country for the realization of this priestly dream. One French ultramontane paper advises that martial law be declared by Marshal M'MAHON; this on the eve of an important election is ominous. In view of the critical condition of French affairs, the death of THIERS appears to human intelligence to be a great calamity, yet it may help to concentrate republican feeling.

The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church will open in Boston Wednesday, October 3. The House of Bishops will meet in Trinity Chapel, and the House of Deputies in Emanuel Church. Trinity will be used for the opening and closing services. The subject of missions will receive a large share of the attention of the Convention. The mission work of the Church in the West has greatly prospered, and it is now proposed to increase the episcopate in that region, and, if practicable, to simplify the machinery of the department of missions. On Sunday, October 7, simultaneous missionary meetings will be held in all the Protestant Episcopal churches of Boston. The proposal of the change of the name of the Church will also come before the Convention. The question of free churches will probably be considered.

Among the notable arrivals in the United States may be mentioned that of the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER, the veteran missionary to Constantinople. He is now in his eightieth year, and of late has been living in retirement with his son at Brünn, Moravia. In 1832, after an education at Andover, he went to Turkey, where he was one of the band of laborers who have done so much in that country for Christianity and the honor of the American name. Dr. SCHAUFFLER proposes to end his days in the United States.

There are some indications of a union of the Free Baptists of this country with the Congregationalists. A Free Baptist minister writes to the *Advance* of Chicago: "There is no disguising the fact that a large number of the members are strongly inclined toward the Congregationalists. The denomination is yearly losing its ministers, and their departure to that body is not supplied by accessions from any other denominations." In the last four years the increase of the entire Free Baptist body has been only 1170. The members in New Hampshire numbered, in 1873, 9044; in 1877, 8809. In Michigan the decrease of members has been from 3676 to 3483 since 1873; in Wisconsin, from 2864 to 2195. Three years ago the General Conference of this Church decided that persons coming from other denominations might be admitted by letter without regard to the manner in which they had been baptized. The question is, therefore, asked whether a Free Baptist church would be admitted to a Congregational association, and left free to practice its own mode of baptism. The subject will most likely come before the National Congregational Council, which meets soon in Detroit.

The *Nonconformist* mentions that there will be "a crop of heresy trials" in Scotland this season. "Professor SMITH is arraigned for taking liberties with the canon, Dr. MARCUS DODS has been asked to explain his views of inspiration, and Mr. FERGUS FERGUSON, a United Presbyterian minister of Glasgow, is being dealt with on account of certain doctrines which seem inconsistent with the evangelical system he bound himself to support." What with these and the conflicts in the Church of England, the British Isles may be said to be in a state of theological ferment.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. PATTON (Congregational), of Chicago, left that city recently to enter upon the discharge of his duties as president of the Howard University for Freedmen, in Washington. A formal farewell was given him by some of his Chicago friends. This is said to be the sixth minister of prominence who has left Chicago this year.

The offerings to the Pope presented during the Jubilee—16,476,281 francs—will be appropriated as follows: the sum of 4,000,000 francs will be added to the permanent fund, 4,000,000 to a fund for the benefit of faithful papal officials and ex-officials, 4,000,000 to a fund for repairing the various ecclesiastical monuments and churches of Rome, 4,476,000 to the various hospitals, homes, and asylums of the city.

Dr. MOUFANG, the newly elected Bishop of Mainz, is not acceptable to the Hessian government. His declaration of fealty to the state's ecclesiastical laws was not considered satisfactory. The Pope has already confirmed him. It is not likely that the chapter will elect another bishop.

The long-expected paragraph English Bible, prepared by Canon GIRDLESTON, is passing through the press of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The prose portions are paragraphed according to the sense. The poetic parts are arranged in the same manner as modern poetry. The Psalms are divided into strophes and stanzas, and where they are acrostic or alphabetical the fact is indicated by the Hebrew initials.

They still harp on the same string—the Catholic priests of this and other cities. Vicar-General QUINN discoursed Sunday, September 2, on the superiority of parochial to the public schools. "He had nothing to say to the course of instruction followed in the public schools; it was the separating of it from religious instruction, which should be its groundwork, to which he objected.... *The time may yet come when men will see the necessity of combining both, and give to each denomination a portion at least of what all alike have now to pay for.*" And when that is done, we will have the catechism authorized by Archbishop BAILEY taught at the expense of the public treasury. It is hard for Protestants to be adjudged to torments by their Catholic neighbors, but to be asked to pay for it besides is too much for charity.

Over one hundred of the communicants of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hammersmith, London, have sent an address to the bishop of the metropolis, praying him to use his influence to procure the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act. They admit that their vicar has, with their approval, conformed to the decision of the Privy Council in the case of RIDSDALE *v.* CLIFTON. The signers say that if there is no other relief, they must seek it in secession from the state Church. Bishop JACKSON counsels patience and moderation, and expresses, moreover, approval of the RIDSDALE judgment.

EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ writes to the *Christian World*, of London, that the commission of jurists to which was referred the settlement of the divisions in the French Protestant Church have decided on reconvening the Synod. He thinks that the Synod will now be confronted by greater difficulties than when it met before. There will be three parties, the Right (orthodox), the Left (rationalist), and the Right Centre (compromise). The Right and Left are irreconcilable; the Right Centre proposes to find some formulas to which all parties can subscribe. As the doctrinal differences range from strict orthodoxy to unitarianism, it is difficult to see how such formulas can be found. "The bond," says Dr. PRESSENSÉ, "which unites the official Protestant Church to the state weighs heavily upon it. If that were once broken, the gravest difficulties would at once disappear." The French Protestant Church repeats the experience of the Church of England. Dissidents who ought to be separated are bound in an enforced union by the patronage of the state.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Captain (*British*).

A. P. HUMPHREYS (*British*).

CAPTAIN A. P. BOWLBY, Scorer (*British*).

LIEUTENANT-COLONE

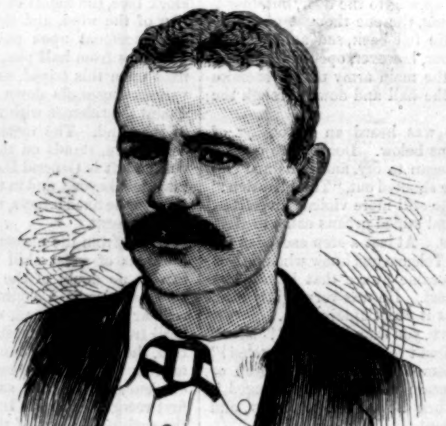
R. S. GREENHILL (*British*).

W. H. GILDER (*British*).

C. G. PETERKIN (*British*).

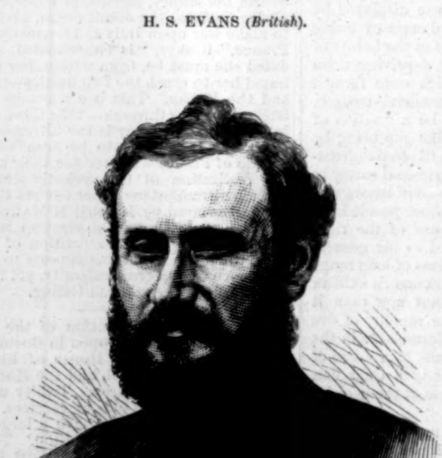
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FENTON (*British*).

H. S. EVANS (*British*).

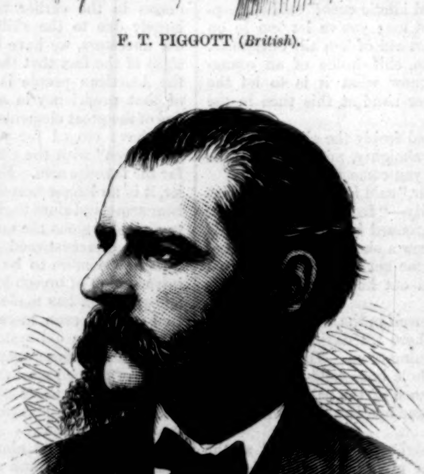


F. T. PIGGOTT (*British*).

FRANK HYDE (*American*).



L. WEBER (*American*).



T. LAMB, JUN. (*American*).

L. C. (*American*).

CREEDMOOR—THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS IN THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE TCH, S

ONE PEEL, Adjutant (*British*).

V. K. ARMITAGE, Scorer (*British*).

WILLIAM RIGBY (*British*).

J. K. MILNER (*British*).

A. M. FRAZER (*British*).

LIEUTENANT GEORGE FENTON (*British*).

WILLIAM FERGUSSON (*British*).

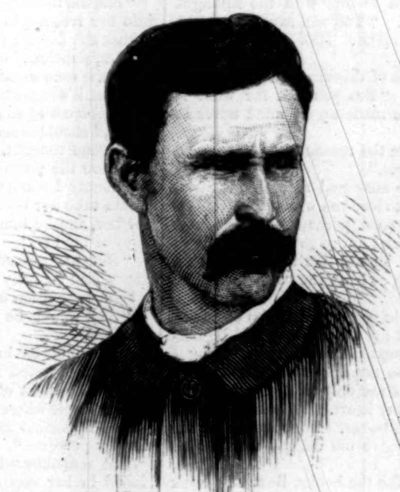
GENERAL T. S. DAKIN, Captain (*American*).

W. H. JACKSON (*American*).

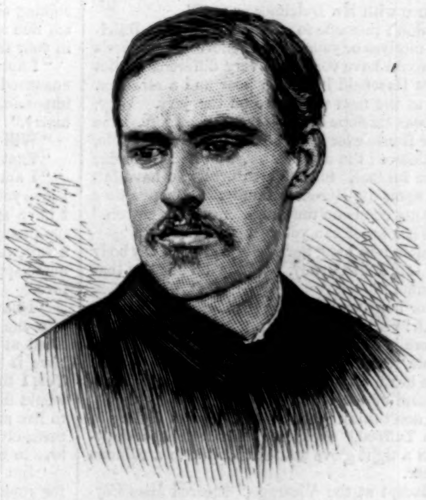
H. S. JEWELL (*American*).

C. [illegible] (*American*).

L. L. HEPBURN (*American*).



I. L. ALLEN (*American*).



C. E. BLYDENBURGH (*American*).

FLE MATCH, SEPTEMBER 13 AND 14, 1877.—Photographed on the Grounds by Pach.—[See Page 743.]

THE IDYL OF THE VINES.

BETWEEN two gardens an espalier set;
And in the still green shadow of its leaves,
Great purple clusters with the cool dews wet;
And others, like the stems of yellow sheaves
That autumn binds upon the meadow floor,
Clear white, yet golden-tinted at the core.

For the dark vine, filled full of ruddy wine
And generous juices, threw long tendrils out,
Climbed to the topmost bar that it might twine
And intertwine, and clasp all round about
The pale sweet grapes, till they grew side by side
Like swarthy lover with a fair white bride.

This side so dark and rich; that, warmly white,
And on the top the twining tendril bands;
This side, a handsome youth with eyes like night;
That side, a sunny girl; and clasping hands
Above the gracious vines, and little sighs,
And love-dropped eyelids over love-lit eyes.

"Among fair women, fairest! see, I pray,
How my dark vine thy sunny lattice drapes,
And how thy golden-growing clusters lay
In lucent beauty by my purple grapes:
Is there no lesson, sweet?" O moon! O sky!
When Love beseeches, how does Love reply?

The grapes could tell; the roses were awake;
The sleeping garden had a sweeter dream;
The mocking-birds sang louder for their sake;
The tiger-lilies nodded to the stream.
O happy vines, to teach so sweet a bliss!
O happy pair, the lesson not to miss!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHY WAS MY CRESSID THEN SO HARD TO WIN?"

SLOWLY and gradually health and strength came back to Beatrix Harefield. The family life at the Vicarage was a new thing to her. It was a new thing to live in a house where every body was cheerful, and where people seemed fond of her. The library was her favorite room, and Mr. Dulcimer her chosen companion. Whether he was silently absorbed in his book, or laid it down, as he did very often, to talk to her, Beatrix found his society all-sufficient. She read and studied at a table he had allotted to her, apart from him, and yet near him. Under his guidance she read the books that filled her mind with the best material—she climbed from height to height upon the hills of knowledge. New worlds opened to her that she had never dreamed of, and she went in and found that there were pleasant regions in those strange worlds. Science, which she had only known as a name, opened its treasure-house for her. Art, which she had known almost as vaguely, was revealed to her with all its mysteries and beauties unknown to the ignorant. And poetry, best and sweetest of all, in her mind, opened the door to a fairy-land of inexhaustible delight. She did not forget Cyril, but she learned to look with a calm disdain upon her maligners in Little Yafford, and she was almost happy.

Before the end of March Mrs. Dulcimer had broken altogether with Miss Coyney, after rebuking that ancient sibyl in no measured phrase for her want of charity.

"I shall never drop in to tea here again," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "No, Miss Coyney, not if we both were to live for a hundred years."

"I shall be very sorry for that," replied Miss Coyney, sitting very erect behind her oval tea-tray, and with her gaze fixed upon her silver tea-pot, marked with King George's pig-tail, and an heirloom; "but I can not alter my opinion; even," with a tremulous movement of her cannon curls, "for the privilege of retaining Mrs. Dulcimer's friendship. I can only say—and I shall say while the power of speech is left me—that Miss Harefield is a young person I would never consent to receive in my house—no—not if her thousands were millions."

"Fortunately Miss Harefield does not want to come into your house," retorted Mrs. Dulcimer, very red and angry, and with all her frillings and puffings in agitation. "Thousands, indeed! Do you suppose Beatrix Harefield's fortune has any influence with Mr. Dulcimer or me?"

"I don't presume to speculate upon Mr. Dulcimer's motives or yours, but I believe the coroner's jury would have come to a very different verdict if Miss Harefield had been poor and a stranger. Look at the men who were on the jury. Why, there was Haslope the grocer, who has served the Water House ever since he has been in the trade, and Ridswell the upholsterer, who had the order for the funeral. Slavish creatures who have fattened upon the Harefield family. Of course they would not condemn the daughter of their patron."

"What proof can you bring against her?"

"Enough to hang her if she had been any body else," said Miss Coyney. "Why did she buy that laudanum?"

"For her own use."

"Ah!" said Miss Coyney.

There is a great deal of meaning in the monosyllable "Ah!" if it be uttered with a grave shake of the head, a tightening of thin lips, and a prolongation of tone.

"I don't think there is any Christian feeling in Little Yafford," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, drawing on a tight glove and bursting it in a ruinous manner.

"Except at the Vicarage," sneered Miss Coyney.

"The place is given over to a pack of prying old maids and spiteful old bachelors."

"Thank you," said Miss Coyney, with withering sarcasm.

She rose to accompany Mrs. Dulcimer to the door. She was not going to fail in politeness even to a departing foe.

"Good-afternoon and good-by," said the Vicar's wife, walking along the little garden path with an air of shaking the dust of Miss Coyney's tenement from off her shoes.

From this time forward Mrs. Dulcimer took Beatrix under her wing. She forgot that she too had shared the dark suspicions of Little Yafford. It was in her mind as if those suspicions had never been. She was a woman who lived from hand to mouth. Her ideas were the ideas of to-day; yesterday's convictions went for nothing. She told Rebecca that she was disgusted with the people of Little Yafford for their infamous conduct to Beatrix; and Rebecca, who, though of too sterling metal to be a time-server, loved to please her mistress, went over to Miss Harefield's party, and defended her stoutly at all kitchen tea-parties.

And Sir Kenrick? Sir Kenrick, who had always despised her slanderers, was now Beatrix Harefield's most ardent champion. He had begun by thinking that she would make an admirable mistress of Culverhouse Castle; he ended by being very sure that she would make an adorable wife. He left off fishing for sulky pike in the reedy pools and inlets of the winding river, and spent his days hanging about the Vicarage, idle and happy, and very much in the way of other people's industry. The lynx eyes of Mrs. Dulcimer, trained to see very far into all budding loves, were quick to perceive the state of affairs. She was delighted, and forgot that she had ever abandoned her plans for the union of the impoverished Culverhouse estate and the fat fields and rich pastures of the Harefield property. It seemed to her the realization of her own idea. She took Kenrick's young affection under her protection, she smiled fondly upon the unconscious Beatrix. She was full of Machiavelian schemes for leaving the two young people in each other's society. The end of Kenrick's leave was drawing near. Things were getting desperate, Mrs. Dulcimer thought. It must be now or never. She even went so far as to tell Kenrick so.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she said. "I know she likes you."

"I hope you won't think me conceited if I agree with you, but I really think she does," said Kenrick, remembering that curious fainting fit on the first evening of Miss Harefield's visit.

He took heart of grace next day, finding Beatrix alone in the library an hour or so before the late tea. It was a windy afternoon, late in March, the sky dull and gray, the wood fire glowing redly, Beatrix seated in her low chair beside the hearth, with a book on her lap, deep in thought.

"I don't wonder you admire Pascal," she said, without looking up, as Kenrick came toward the hearth. "His is a most delicate wit."

"I am sorry to say I don't know any thing about the gentleman," said Kenrick. "Did he write plays or novels?"

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were Mr. Dulcimer."

"You took me for a better man than I am. All these rows of sober old books are Greek to me—worse than Greek, for I do know that, by sight. I wonder that you can find so much happiness in this dry-as-dust collection of the dear Vicar's."

"I don't know about happiness," answered Beatrix, with a faint sigh. "I find forgetfulness. I suppose that is almost as good."

"There can not be much in your young life that you can wish to forget," said Kenrick.

"There is very little in it that I care to remember."

"Erase it altogether from your memory, then, and begin a new life from to-day," said Kenrick, flinging himself head-foremost into a gulf of uncertain issues, like a new Marcus Curtius. "Let the beginning of a brighter and happier life date from to-day. You are one of those flowers of earth which seem to be born to blush unseen. You, who are so worthy of love and admiration, have lived hidden from those who could admire and appreciate. But if a real and unmeasured love in the present can compensate for your losses in the past, that love is yours, Beatrix. I love you as I never thought I should love. I did not know that it was in my nature to feel as strongly as I feel for you. Stop—do not answer me too quickly," he cried, reading rejection in her looks as she turned to him with the fire-light shining on her face. "You will say, perhaps, 'I am rich and you are poor. How am I to believe in your truth?'"

"I am not capable of thinking meanly of you," answered Beatrix. "But you ask me what is impossible. I have made up my mind never to marry."

"Will you tell me the reason?"

"That is my secret."

"I am not to be answered so easily, Beatrix. I love you too well to lose you without a struggle. I have spoken too soon, perhaps. I have been too precipitate. But I am to go back to India in a few weeks, and I should like to return with a new happiness, with at least the promise of your love."

"I have no love to give you. If you could see into the bottom of my heart you would be horrified at its emptiness. The warmest feeling I have is gratitude to my friends the Dulcimers. Yes, I think that is the only human feeling you would discover in my heart. That is why I like to live among these books. They are a world in themselves. They give me delight, and ask no love in return."

"But I am not like the books, Beatrix. I ask for your love, and I will not be easily denied."

And then he told her his dream about Culverhouse Castle. How she was to reign there—not like his mother, in silence, loneliness, and seclusion, but in all the power of youth, beauty, and wealth, and a queen of country society, the centre and focus of a happy world of her own, loved, admired, and revered.

"I!" exclaimed Beatrix; "I, who have been suspected of poisoning my father!"

"That shameful slander has never penetrated beyond this contemptible hole," said Kenrick, very disrespectful to Little Yafford in the warmth of his indignation. "For God's sake, Beatrix, do not let that foul scandal weigh in your mind. Perhaps that is the reason you reject me," he added, slow to believe that he had been mistaken when he fancied himself beloved.

"No," answered Beatrix; "but the only man I ever loved rejected me for that reason."

"Oh!" said Kenrick, deeply mortified.

After this confession he could no longer doubt that he had mistaken Beatrix's feelings toward him. He was silent for some minutes, and then he exclaimed, suddenly,

"That man was my cousin Cyril!"

"He was."

"Then my cousin Cyril is a mean hound."

"Do you want me to hate you?" cried Beatrix, angrily. "He is not mean. He is all that is good and noble. Why should his pure life be sullied by the taint that has fallen upon mine? He, a clergyman, could not afford to take a wife whom men have suspected of evil. He is like Cæsar. His wife must be above suspicion. He loved me once. He will love me always, perhaps, a little better than all other women, as I shall love him to the end of life above all other men. But he has chosen something better in this life than a woman's love. He has given himself to the service of God. No unholy thing must come within the veil of the temple. Nothing stained, not even with the suspicion of sin, must enter there. A priest's wife must be spotless."

"If he could suspect you," exclaimed Kenrick, vindictively, "he is unworthy—"

"Oh, for pity's sake do not suggest that," interrupted Beatrix. "I can not believe that he could suspect me—having once known and loved me. It was not his suspicion, but the evil thoughts of others, that parted us."

"Then he is a coward," cried Kenrick, honestly angry. "A man's choice of his wife is a question of life or death for himself. He is both craven and fool if he allows other people to be the arbiters of his fate."

"But you do not understand," urged Beatrix, pleading for the man who had broken her heart. "It is his office—"

"His office be—"

He might have said something very shocking if Mrs. Dulcimer had not come in at this moment. She found Beatrix in tears, and Kenrick pacing up and down the room with a distracted air. These two facts indicated that something decisive had happened, and Mrs. Dulcimer saw from Kenrick's face that the something was of an unsatisfactory nature.

"How provoking!" she thought. "It really seems as if no plan of mine is to succeed."

Beatrix did not appear at the tea-table. She sent an apology by Rebecca. She had a headache, and would go to bed early. Kenrick was absent-minded and out of spirits. The meal, usually so cheerful, was eaten in silence; Mr. Dulcimer had picked up a queer little seventeenth-century copy of Boileau at Great Yafford that morning, and looked at the tail-pieces and initials as he took his tea.

"Stop and smoke your cigar here, Ken," said Mrs. Dulcimer, when tea was over, and Sir Kenrick was about to follow his host to the library.

"But don't you dislike smoke in this room?"

"Not for once in a way. Your cigars are very mild, and Rebecca will air the room well to-morrow morning. I want to have a chat with you."

"Delighted," said Kenrick, sitting down opposite Mrs. Dulcimer's work-table.

He had a shrewd suspicion of what was coming, but he felt that it would comfort him to pour his woes into a friendly ear. He knew very well that Mrs. Dulcimer had set her heart upon his marrying Miss Harefield.

"What had you been doing to make Beatrix cry?" asked the Vicar's wife, coming straight to the point.

"I had asked her to be my wife."

"What! they were tears of joy then?" cried Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Quite the contrary. She had rejected me—flatly."

"Oh, Kenrick! But why?"

"She did not condescend to enter very minutely into her reasons, but I believe the principal one is that she doesn't care for me."

"Oh, Kenrick!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer, in exactly the same tone as before. "What a pity!"

"Yes, it's regrettable. If my first thought were her fortune and the good it would do to Culverhouse, I should deserve my fate. But that is only my second thought. I love her very dearly. If she were the poorest little nursery governess in the county I should love her just the same, and would take her back to India with me, and work for her, and be infinitely happy with her all the days of my life."

"But her money would pay off those mortgages, and as Lady Culverhouse she would have a leading position in your part of the country."

"She would be admired and adored," said Kenrick.

"It would be in every way such a suitable match," protested Mrs. Dulcimer, a remark she was in the habit of making about every pair of young people whose footsteps she wished to direct to the hymeneal altar. "Really human nature is very perverse."

She remembered how ignominiously she had failed in her desire to benefit Cyril and Bella; and here was this more important scheme apparently doomed to failure.

"It is very difficult to serve one's fellow-men," she said, presently. "But this is not a business to be given up lightly, Kenrick. This foolish girl is Mr. Dulcimer's ward, and it is his duty to see her advantageously settled in life. Now Clement is the very last man to think of such a thing. He considers he has done his duty when he has given Beatrix the run of his library."

"Yes," said Kenrick. "It is dear Dulcimer's only fault to consider books the beginning, middle, and end of life."

"Something must be done," declared Mrs. Dulcimer, with a sudden accession of energy. "Beatrix ought to marry, and she ought to marry a man of position. I can not imagine a more suitable husband than yourself. Come, Kenrick, be frank with me. You have not told me every thing. There must be some other reason. Don't you remember an admission Beatrix made at that dreadful inquest? There was a love affair of which her father disapproved. Nothing but a prior attachment could prevent her accepting you. I feel convinced it must be that."

"It is that," answered Kenrick. "You can keep a secret, I suppose, Mrs. Dulcimer?"

"My dear Kenrick, I have kept hundreds."

This was true, but Mrs. Dulcimer forgot to add how short a time she had kept them. The Vicar's wife's secret of to-day was the town-crier's secret of to-morrow.

"Then I'll trust you with the clew to the mystery. There is a prior attachment—to my cousin Cyril."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer. "Then that is why he was so indifferent to poor Bella Scratchell, the very girl for him."

"He is a contemptible cur," said Kenrick.

He went on to abuse his cousin roundly. It was a good thing for him, no doubt, that Cyril had behaved so badly, for it gave Kenrick just the chance that Beatrix would put the false lover out of her mind, and marry the true one. He told Mrs. Dulcimer every thing.

"Something must be done," she said, finally, and she made up her mind that she, Selina Dulcimer, was the right person to undertake the task.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

BEFORE Sir Kenrick's leave came to an end Mrs. Piper had gone to the land where there are no sordid cares, no gnawing doubts as to the honesty of servants, no heart-corroding regrets at the wastefulness and expenditure of a large household. Mrs. Piper had gone to that undiscovered country where we may fairly hope that for those who have lived harmlessly upon earth all is peace. Mr. Piper drove his smart little pony-cart about the country roads and through the village street as usual, but he wore an altered countenance and crape to the top of his tall hat. He no longer had a noisy greeting for every one, no longer quoted Jeremy Bentham or William Cobbett. Never was widower more disconsolate than Ebenezer Piper. Honestly and truly he mourned the careful partner of his youth and maturity.

"There wasn't a finer girl in Great Yafford when me and she was married," he said, dolefully, after a brief eulogium on her domestic virtues.

Mrs. Piper's monument was to be the glory of the village church-yard. Mr. Dulcimer was too indulgent and easy to insist upon a rigid æstheticism in the memorial which the living erected in honor of the dead. There was a good deal of bad taste in God's Acre at Little Yafford, but Mr. Piper was destined to put up the cap on the edifice by the gaudiest and most expensive mausoleum that ever the chief stone-mason of Great Yafford had devised or executed.

It was to be a sarcophagus of the jewel-casket shape, with four twisted columns like candlesticks at the corners, and a tall urn surmounting the lid. Each of the columns was of a different-colored marble, the urn was dark red serpentine, with a malachite serpent coiled round it. The urn was supposed to contain Mrs. Piper's dust; the serpent indicated that physicians' and doctors' stuff had not been wanting in the effort to keep Mrs. Piper longer upon earth. Scattered over the fluted lid of the sarcophagus were to be flowers sculptured out of colored marble, and cemented on to the white ground-work. The sides of the sarcophagus were to be decorated with shields, richly emblazoned with the Piper arms. Mr. Piper's arms were his own composition, his crest a branch of the cotton plant, with flower and fruit; his motto, *Ex sese.*

Altogether the monument was to be a wonderful thing, and Mr. Piper felt a pride in contemplating the sketches which the mason had caused to be made, and in picturing to himself the effect of the whole when this great work should be finished.

The Piper children, in black frocks, and in a state of semi-orphanage, were a little more troublesome than they had been in colored frocks, and with an invalid mamma as a court of appeal. They brought the ghost of their lost parent into every argument.

"I'm sure mar couldn't have wished me to learn three verbs in one morning," said Elizabeth Fry.

"I think mar would have let me off my lessons if I had a sick headache," remonstrated Mary Wollstonecraft.

"I shall do my duty to you whether you like it or not," said Bella, resolutely.

"Ah, you'd better take care!" cried Brougham. "Mar's in heaven, where she can see every thing you're up to, and won't she make it disagreeable for you when you get there! If you ever do," added the boy, in a doubtful tone; "but I don't think you stand much chance if you go on making our lives a misery with Latin grammar."

Now that poor Mrs. Piper had laid down her load of earthly care, Miss Scratchell restricted her visits to the Park to purely professional limits. She entered the school-room punctually at nine, and she left it as punctually at half past one. She no longer assisted at the children's early dinner, a meal which Mr. Piper, when at home, shared under the name of luncheon. Bella had a

keen sense of the proprieties, and did not care to sit down to luncheon with a disconsolate widower, or to give Mr. Piper any opportunity to pour his griefs into her ear, as he would fain have done very often. Mr. Piper was of a soft and affectionate nature, and when he told his griefs to a young woman he could not refrain from taking her hand, and even occasionally squeezing it. This Bella could not possibly permit. She therefore carefully avoided all conversations about the late Mrs. Piper, and as far as was practicable she avoided Mr. Piper himself.

"It seems very 'ard," complained the widower, "that the time when a man feels lonesomest is a time for every body to avide him. You might as well stop, Miss Scratchell, and eat your bit of dinner with me and the children. You won't get lamb and sparrow-grass at home."

"I know I shall not," replied Bella; "but I would rather not stay, thank you, Mr. Piper."

"Why not?"

"My mother wants me at home."

"She can't want you more now than she did when pore Mrs. P. was alive. You never refused to stop then."

"I did not like to refuse dear Mrs. Piper when she was an invalid, and wanted every one's sympathy."

"You're a good-'earted girl," said Piper, approvingly. "I know what your motive is. You think it ain't proper to eat your bit of dinner with me now I'm a widower, though there's all the children to keep you in countenance. You think it might set the old tabbies up street talking."

"It certainly does not require much to do that," replied Bella, smiling. "But I really am wanted at home, Mr. Piper, and I mustn't stop talking here. I am going to drink tea at the Vicarage this evening."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Piper. "You're a rum girl. It seems to me that every body wants you. I shall send you round a bundle of my early sparrow-grass."

"Pray don't take the trouble."

"Yes, I shall. It costs me about eighteenpence a stick, so it ought to be good. But 'orticulture is my 'obby."

It must be observed that although Mr. Piper was a student of Cobbett, and had taught himself a little Latin, he had never been able to conquer the mysteries of his own tongue. He still spoke as bad English as in the days when he was a factory hand and had never read a passage of Cobbett's strong, racy prose, or pondered over a thesis of Bentham's.

Bella and Beatrix were good friends still, but not such friends as they had been a year, or even six months, ago. There was a restraint on both sides. Beatrix could not have told why it was, but it seemed to her that there was a change in herself, and a still greater change in Bella. Bella knew very well what it was that made her uncomfortable in Miss Harefield's society. It was the sealed letter in its hiding-place in Bella's shabby old bedroom. That sealed letter weighed like a load of iron upon Bella's conscience when she found herself in Beatrix's company; and yet she was glad that she had done this thing, if it had been the means of parting Cyril and Beatrix.

She would like to have seen them parted even more irrevocably, so that under no circumstances could time or chance bring them together again. She was in this temper of mind when she went to spend the evening at the Vicarage, after her little talk with Mr. Piper in the stone portico at the Park.

It was about a week since Sir Kenrick had made his offer and had been rejected. He had taken a wonderful fancy to fishing for pike after that catastrophe, and had brought home some very handsome specimens of that ravenous tribe for the Vicarage cook to stuff and bake, and serve with savory sauces for the three-o'clock dinner.

"I think I shall have to protest, like the Highland gillies when they got too much salmon, if Kenrick goes on bringing home pike in this way," said Mrs. Dulcimer, when the cover was lifted, and the hungry-jawed scaly monster appeared before them.

Kenrick was off in the early gray to his fishing grounds, so he and Beatrix only met of an evening. He was very polite to her, and evidently bore no malice. Hope was not altogether extinguished in his breast. He had much confidence in Mrs. Dulcimer, who had said that something must be done. Kenrick had not the faintest idea what this inveterate match-maker meant to do, but he felt that her friendship would stick at nothing which a clergyman's wife might do without peril to her soul.

"Bella," said Mrs. Dulcimer, after tea, "I want to show you the things I've made for the missionary basket. You might be able to help me a little, perhaps."

"I shall be delighted, dear Mrs. Dulcimer," answered Bella, inwardly lamenting that it had pleased God to call her to that station of life in which her friends always felt themselves justified in asking her to work for them. A young woman of fortune like Miss Harefield might be as idle or as selfish as she liked. Nobody even thought of asking for payment in kind for any favor they showed her; but every body who did any kindness to penniless Bella Scratchell wanted to extort payment for his or her civility in needle-work or some sort of drudgery.

"Come up to my room and look at the things, dear," said Mrs. Dulcimer; and then it occurred to Bella that her hostess had something particular to say to her. She had heard from Cyril that day perhaps, or had got news of him by a side wind. Bella's heart beat ever so fast at the idea.

They went up to Mrs. Dulcimer's bedroom, a large old-fashioned chamber, with an immense four-post bedstead and flowery chintz curtains, a muslin-draped dressing-table adorned with a great many china pots, and a pincushion that was a noteworthy feature. Mrs. Dulcimer's devotional books—with a great many markers in them, looking as if they were read immensely—were arranged on either side of the looking-glass. She used to read Taylor's *Holy Living* while Rebecca put her hair in papers of an evening. She did not read the *Holy Dying*. It seemed a great deal too soon for that.

There was a bright fire, the chintz-covered sofa was wheeled in front of it. Between the fire and the sofa was Mrs. Dulcimer's work-table, and on the table the missionary basket full of ingenious trifles useful or useless. Babies' socks, muffetees, pincushions of every shape and design, and a variety of the aggravating family of mats.

"Bella," said Mrs. Dulcimer, when they were seated on the sofa, "I have something particular to say to you."

And then the Vicar's wife told Bella her plan for marrying Kenrick and Beatrix, and how Beatrix had refused Kenrick on account of her attachment to his cousin.

"Isn't it a pity, Bella?" she asked, after lengthily expounding all this.

"Yes," answered Bella, looking thoughtful; "they would have suited each other very well, I should think."

"Think!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer. "There's no thinking about it. They were made for each other."

Mrs. Dulcimer's couples always were made for each other. It is odd how many of them turned out misfits.

Bella was reflecting that if Beatrix were happily married to Sir Kenrick Culverhouse, her sin about the sealed letter would weigh less heavily on her conscience—or, indeed, need not weigh at all. What can any one ask more than happiness? And in the eye of the world Kenrick was a much more suitable husband for the heiress than Cyril could possibly be.

"Now I have been thinking," continued Mrs. Dulcimer, sinking to a mysterious under-tone, "that, perhaps if Beatrix could be made to think that Cyril was fickle and inconstant, and that before he left Little Yafford he had got to care for some one else—you, for instance," whispered Mrs. Dulcimer, making a little stab at Bella with her forefinger, "it might cure her of her foolish attachment to him. It is ridiculous that she should go on caring for a man who doesn't love her, when there is a noble young fellow who does love her passionately, and can make her Lady Culverhouse. If she could only be made to think that Cyril was fond of you, Bella, without actual falsehood," concluded Mrs. Dulcimer, with a strong emphasis upon the qualifying adjective, as much as to say that in so good a cause she would not mind sailing rather near the wind.

"I'm sure I don't know how it is to be done," said Bella, with a meditative air. "Beatrix is so self-opinionated. It is not as if she were a weak-minded, pliable girl. She is as hard as rock."

"But you are so clever, Bella. You could manage any thing. If I were to say now that I always thought Cyril was very fond of you—and I did think so for a long time, as you know, dear—and if you were to say something that would sustain that idea— We need neither of us tell an actual story."

"Of course not," answered Bella, piously. "Do you suppose I would tell a story, dear Mrs. Dulcimer?"

"Indeed, no, my love. I know how truthful you are."

Thus it was agreed between the Vicar's wife and her ductile protégée, that somehow or other Beatrix was to be persuaded that her lover had been doubly false to her: false in abandoning her because evil tongues maligned her; false in preferring another woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER, of New York, has made an important announcement in regard to the presence of oxygen in the sun, in a paper read before the American Philosophical Society on the 1st of July, and reproduced both in its Proceedings and the *American Journal of Science* for August. He finds, on a careful examination of the photograph of the solar spectrum, certain bright lines or bands which indicate the existence of oxygen, in distinction to the dark absorption lines of the metals. He therefore thinks we must change our theory of the solar spectrum, and no longer regard it merely as a continuous spectrum with certain rays absorbed by a layer of ignited metallic vapors, but as having also bright lines and bands superposed on the background of continuous spectrum. Such a conception not only opens the way to the discovery of others of the non-metals—sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, carbon, etc.—but also may account for some of the so-called dark lines, by regarding them as intervals between bright lines. He says it must, however, be distinctly understood that in referring to the solar spectrum he does not mean the spectrum of any limited area upon the disk or margin of the sun, but the spectrum of light from the whole disk. He thinks also that there is reason to infer the existence of nitrogen in the sun, as well as of oxygen; but there is less certainty on this head. The reason that the bright lines of oxygen in the spectrum of the solar disk have not hitherto been perceived he refers to the fact that in eye observation bright lines on a less bright background do not make the impression on the mind that dark lines do. When attention is called to their presence, they are readily enough seen, even without the aid of a reference spectrum.

Visitors to the Centennial will remember the extensive exhibits made by many British colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope, Gold Coast, Guiana, Australia, New Zealand, India, etc. Many of these exhibits were presented by the several Commissioners to institutions in the United States, particularly to the National Museum in Washington; and probably the greater part would have received the same destination but for the understanding that the British government was about establishing a great colonial museum in London, and for which some of these collections were especially destined.

Practical steps have since been taken for carrying out this idea, it being understood that each colony is to undertake the expense of preparing a complete exhibit of its natural and industrial resources and of its ethnology. The first to act in the matter has been the government of Ceylon, which has lately devoted the sum of £15,000 as its contribution, this to be paid in three annual installments. Should the idea be carried out to the same extent throughout the colonies, the result can not fail to be one of the utmost interest and importance.

The schooner *Florence*, chartered by Captain HOWGATE for his arctic scientific expedition, left New London on the 2d of August, with every requisite for the successful prosecution of her mission, and was last heard from at Cape Breton on the 8th of August.

The scientific corps consisted of Mr. SHERMAN, a graduate of Yale College, and Mr. L. KUMLEIN, who goes out in behalf of the Smithsonian Institution as naturalist. As the region to be occupied for the coming year is one very rich in animal life, important results may be expected.

The death of Councilor VON BRÜLLOW in St. Petersburg occurred January 27, 1877. His name will be long identified with the history of astronomical progress as the architect of the Imperial Observatory of Pulkova.

Doctors YARROW and COUES have lately published a list of the fishes found at Fort Macon, North Carolina, in which 108 species are enumerated; of these, eleven are sharks and rays. One species of amphioxus or lancelet is of special interest in view of its occupying the lowest position in the scale of vertebrate life, and, as such, the subject of special attention on the part of naturalists.

Messrs. DOWNES and BLUNT have been engaged for some time in investigations upon the influence of light upon the development of bacteria, as bearing more particularly upon the researches of the late papers of TYNDALL, BASTIAN, and others. Among the provisional conclusions reached by them were that light is inimical to the development of bacteria, and that under favorable conditions it may prevent it entirely, or at least retard it. The direct insulation, however, is necessary for the production of the full effect of the light. The conditions tending to neutralize the action of light are the same as are known to favor the process of fermentation and putrefaction, but the fitness of the solution to serve as a nidus is not destroyed by insulation. The authors claim as their discovery that light is absolutely inimical to the production of bacteria.

The immunity from actual injury of men of science exposed to great perils in the prosecution of their researches has long been a subject of remark. Occasionally, however, fate is less kind, and a more or less serious catastrophe is the result. The death of Mr. H. E. STRICKLAND, the eminent naturalist, by being run over by a railway train while examining a geological section in a "cutting," will be remembered by some of our readers; and we now have to record a second somewhat similar case in the death of Dr. JAMES BRYCE, an eminent Scottish geologist, who met with a fatal accident while examining the rocks in the neighborhood of the Falls of Foyers.

A mass of nearly pure iron, containing some nickel, and believed to be of meteoric origin, weighing over 50,000 pounds, was found at Saint Catharines, in Brazil, and has lately been used up in the manufacture of objects of various kinds, probably being the largest of known masses of a similar character. Other large blocks of meteoric iron, of somewhat less size, are those of Orifak, in Greenland, the weight of one of which was estimated at 40,000 pounds. Another of the same size was found at Durango, in Mexico, and one at Bendigo, in Brazil, of about 20,000 pounds.

Professor GEORG A. ERMAN, the eminent German geographer and explorer, died in Berlin on the 12th of July, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society of London have elected Dr. HAYDEN and Lieutenant WHEELER as corresponding members.

The Proceedings of the twenty-fifth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Buffalo in August, 1876, have been published, although many of the more important articles have made their appearance as copies furnished to the authors. Especially noteworthy in this volume are the addresses of the vice-presidents and of the chairmen of the several sections, among them one by Professor C. A. YOUNG, in relation to physical sciences; one by Professor G. F. BARKER, in relation to chemistry; and one by Professor E. S. MORSE, on natural history.

Mr. ROBERT CROSS publishes some interesting notes in the *Geographical Magazine* in regard to certain important trees of the Amazon Valley, and announces that the Ceara India rubber comes from a hitherto undescribed species, materially different from any yet known. He unfortunately was unable to obtain it in flower, so that its precise position in the vegetable kingdom was not ascertained; but young plants which he has sent home to England will, he hopes, furnish the information at no distant day.

The region in which the tree grows is very dry for a great part of the year, rain occurring but seldom, and in some seasons scarcely at all through the year. It is found up to about 200 feet above the sea-level. It is thought to be suitable for cultivation in India, where there are extensive tracts of precisely similar character to that in which it occurs, although it is believed that the tree will not stand a temperature below 50° F.

The same traveller also gives an account of the method of procuring the balsam of copaiba. This is done by cutting notches into the tree, when the balsam flows in quite a stream. A single tree has been known to yield forty-two quarts.

PLUM PORTRAITS.

Now I will go in the garden,
  For the plums are ripe on the wall—
Plums that are splendidly purple,
  All perfect, and ready to fall:
Purple as pansies are purple,
  Heart sweet with the dreams they inclose,
Songs of the Syrian maidens,
  And scents of the Damascene rose.

Ah, Damson, daughter of sunshine,
  There are girls that are just like thee—
Provoking, fugitive, tempting,
  Yet as sweet as thy fruit can be.
Eyes of thy passionate color,
  The scent of the East in their hair,
Piquant and keen, yet delicious
  And beautiful, half unaware.

Esther's my Damson; but Helen,
  Like this Burgundy plum, is red;
Red are her cheeks as the roses,
  And over her beauty is shed
Flashes of fiery emotion,
  Wild music, and wine made of tears,
Laughter and singing and passion,
  And pulse of invisible years.

Rather this plum made of sunshine,
  Translucent as amber, and sweet
As the smile and the blush and the kisses
  Of the beautiful Marguerite.
Her hair is yellow as sunshine,
  She is honey and wine and milk—
A goddess serenely splendid
  In a robe of shimmering silk.

But yellow, or red, or purple,
  No plum is so rare as the green—
The color of moon-lit waters,
  With the glint of lilies between.
I will gather the dainty Greengage,
  And lay them in roses and balm,
And send to my lovely Christine—
  My Christine, the pure and the calm.

She is the pearl among maidens,
  For the quiet of land and skies,
The beauty of fruits and blossoms,
  Are hid in her fathomless eyes.
Her face is a fair white lily,
  Her throat like the throat of a dove,
Her mouth is a scented rose-bud,
  Her smile is the dawning of love.

Let spring-time give her its song-birds,
  And summer its honey and flowers,
And autumn its wine and fruitage,
  And winter its festival hours.
For the flower and fruit the fairest,
  And the honey and song, I ween,
Are nothing but types and shadows
  Of the beautiful, fair Christine.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE had been a heavy thunder-storm, and the parched earth and wilted vegetation drank in the refreshing showers. "I should think the plants would whisper to each other how delicious it was," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Yes," she said, "all but the onions; they wouldn't be likely to whisper with such a breath."

An Iowa justice refused to fine a man charged with the offense of kissing a pretty girl without her consent. "Nothing," he said, "but the dignity of its office prevents the Court from committing the same offense. The temptation to an ordinary person would be irresistible."

The colored American sage is emitting profound wisdom. "Now, Misser White," says one of them, "look me in de eye while I tole you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' round de business horizon. Ef you owes a firm, an' dat firm am shaky, doan you pay dat debt, but jest wait till dey fail."

"What's your figure?" said a bridegroom (putting his hand in his pocket) to the clergyman who had just married him. He meekly replied, "The law allows me two dollars." "Does it?" exclaimed the young husband. "Well, that's liberal. But here's fifty cents more; so now you've two dollars and a half;" and away he went before the poor parson could explain.

THE MIDDLE AGES—Averages.

"Adolphus dear, what shall I do? Bridget has struck, and there she stands at the kitchen door with a poker in one hand and a saucepan in the other, threatening to break the head of the new help if she dares to lay her hand to a dish-rag. It's just awful, so it is, too."

Despite competitive examination, every thing in the civil service does not go quite smoothly as yet. A young gentleman had to be mildly reproved for the irregularity of his attendance. His Celtic blood was inflamed, and turning upon his rebukers, he angrily told them, "Sure if it wasn't for the thrifle of salary ye give, the divil a bit o' me would come here at all!"

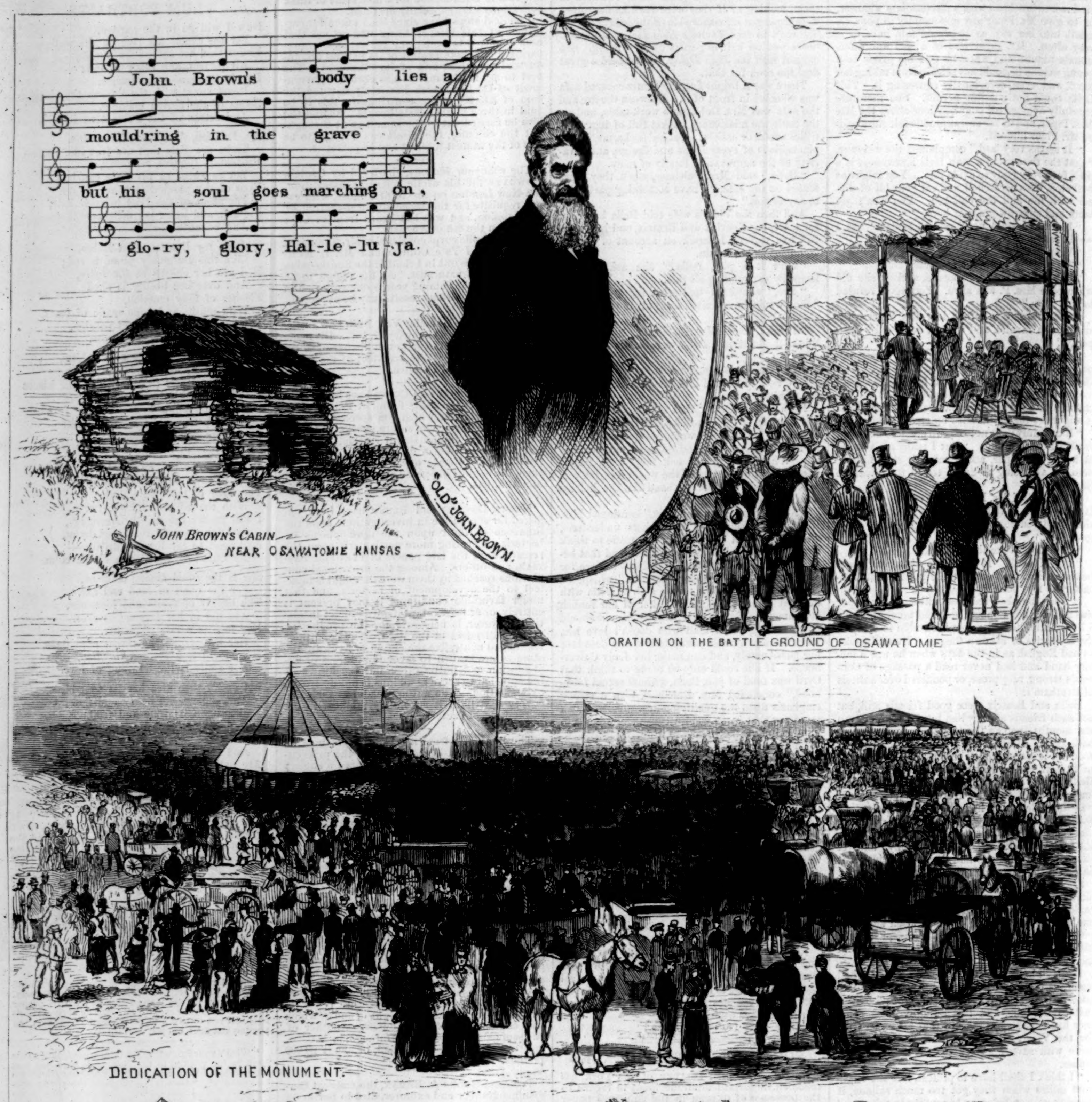
A strange misapprehension exists as to the cultivation of peppers. They are not grown in hot-beds, as some suppose.

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever saw?" fiercely asked a ruffianly witness of the lawyer who was cross-examining him. "Yes, I did," said the lawyer, nervously. "Well, all I've got to say," returned the other, with suppressed passion, "is that you never saw my brother Jim."

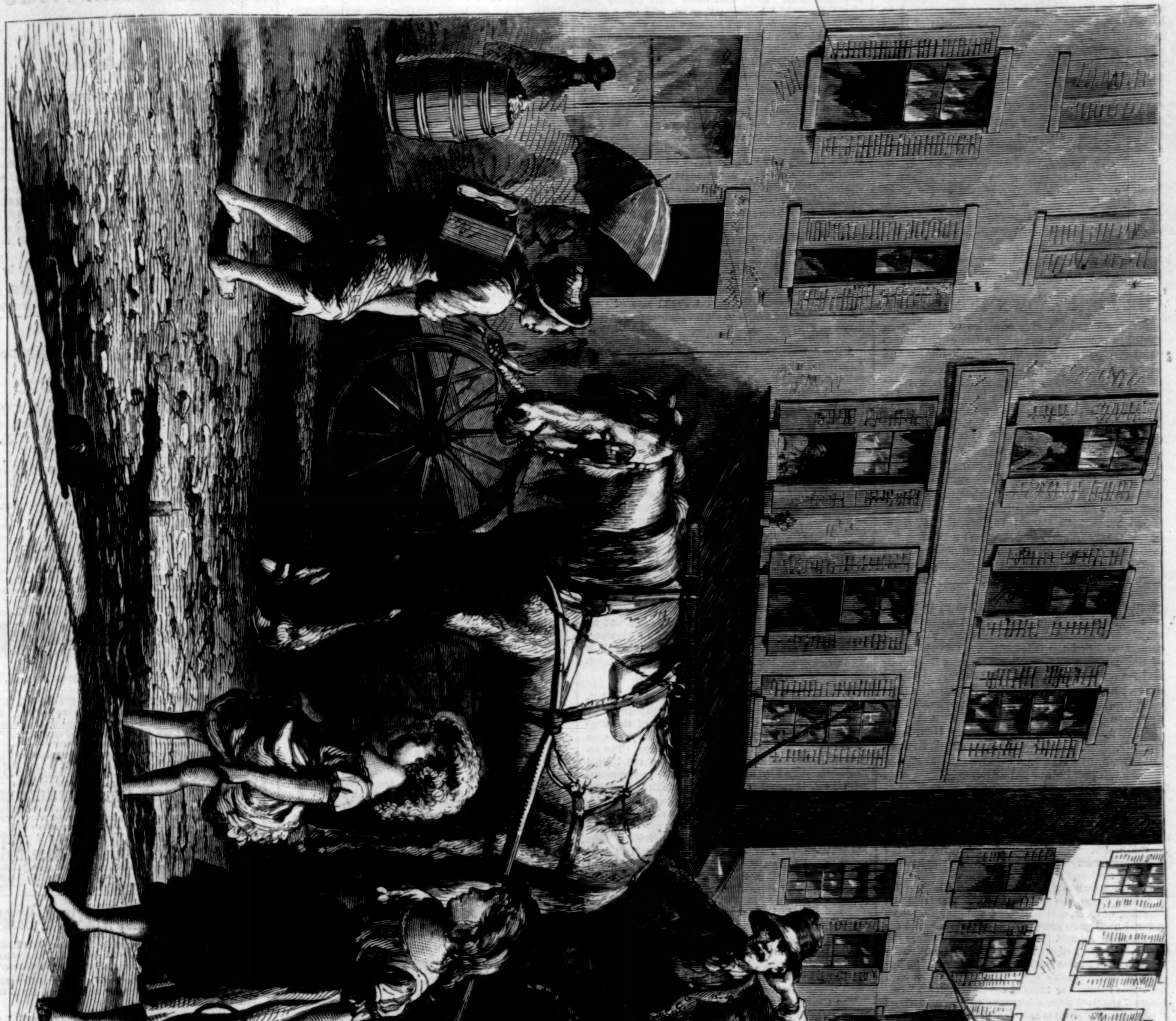
Mark Twain thinks nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for a huckleberry. If it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it invariably dies happy.

"Ish der brisoner guilty or not guilty?" asked a beaming Teutonic justice the other day. "Not guilty, your honor," promptly responded the person addressed. "Den you youst get ouet and go apont your peesiness, my vrend, and stop your fooling round here mit your blaying off," indignantly ordered the outraged arm of the law.

A young woman, ambitious of winning distinction on "the boards," recently wrote to a theatrical agent as follows: "I see you har in want of young peoples for the stage—i is very anxies to be a hactor i has never hacted before. Oblege me with erlyst anser at convenance." A second candidate wrote: "i rite in ancer to your aversitment; you ar in want of sum Yung Gerls for the stage i am hopen to your ingagment. Compliction fare age 23 hith 5 feet 5." Another young woman, in writing, remarked, "I want to do the regular business—but it must have nothing to do with balley."



THE JOHN BROWN MONUMENT, OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. WORRALL.—[SEE PAGE 750.]



STREET VENDORS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 750.]

STREET VENDORS.

THE street vendors of fruits and vegetables are chiefly patronized by the poorer classes in New York, partly because of the scarcity of large markets, and partly because they generally manage to undersell the regular market-men. It is not always an advantage, however, to buy of them, for sometimes they load their wagons with stock left over a day or two at the large markets, and sold cheap rather than thrown away, and there is danger of its being already unfit for use when it reaches the purchaser. A great deal of the sickness that prevails in summer among the poor of this city results, no doubt, from this cause. There should be many more large markets in New York than now exist, placed under strict superintendence, so that the poorest might have the opportunity to obtain food at cheap rates and of good quality. Until this is accomplished the street vendors, like those shown in our illustration on page 749, will continue to make the air hideous with their loud, uncouth cries.

THE JOHN BROWN MONUMENT.

ON page 745 we give a series of interesting sketches relating to the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of JOHN BROWN and his associates in the battle of Osawatomie. This affair, as our readers will remember, took place near the town of that name in Kansas, on August 30, 1856. The opposing forces were 400 Missourians from Lafayette County, under the command of J. W. REID and Rev. MARTIN WHITE, and thirty or forty Free-State citizens, under command of JOHN BROWN and Dr. UPDEGRAFF. The battle was a hard-fought one, resulting in the death on the Missouri side of thirty-two soldiers, and on the Kansas side of five men—DAVID R. GARRISON, GEORGE PARTRIDGE, THERNON P. BOWERS, CHARLES KEYES, and FREDERIC BROWN, the last a son of old JOHN BROWN. After a stubborn fight BROWN was compelled to retreat, and the town was burned.

The monument is of white marble, and was erected at the expense of the town of Osawatomie. The dedication took place August 30, the twenty-first anniversary of the battle. Full 4000 people attended the celebration. The chairman of the day was ex-Governor CHARLES ROBINSON, and the orator Senator JOHN J. INGALLS. Speeches were also made by Mr. CHARLES LANGSTON (colored, brother of the Washington LANGSTON), Congressman D. C. HASKELL, Hon. D. R. ANTHONY, Hon. S. A. COBB, Hon. J. P. ST. JOHN, Hon. JOHN RITCHIE, Hon. SIDNEY CLARK, Colonel SAMUEL WALKER, JAMES HANWAY, STONEWALL CLARK, EDWARD SMITH, and other old settlers.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PHYSICIANS say that the perpetual din and noise of large cities cause, in many cases, most serious injury to the health. The nerves become "unstrung," the head grows weary and distressed, and the brain, confused and restless, finds work impossible. We all know that many wearisome noises are inseparable from life in a great metropolis like New York. The incessant rumbling of carts, carriages, cars, and stages must be endured until some acceptable substitute is found for our stony pavements. But why should we endure the additional misery of unceasing and discordant vociferations from hoarse hucksters, and the jangling jingling of the junk-man's bells? From early dawn until dark this distracting turmoil continues; from "radisheeze" and "str-r-r-raw-berreeze" to "herrooms" and "ra-w-w-w-gs," there is an infinite variety of yells—we use the word deliberately—which rasp upon all sensitive nerves. Perhaps not every *one* is unpleasing: the early summer cry of "str-r-r-raw-berreeze" comes as a forerunner of good things. But as the season goes on, and the milk-man's impatient hoot mingles confusedly with "glass-pud-in," "sof-shel-clam," "new-pot-o-ah," and innumerable other cries, often utterly unintelligible to the unaccustomed ear, we become nervously indignant—as all day long the air is filled with them—at such wanton intrusion upon peace and quietness. Supposing the fruit offered for sale is of the freshest and best (which is seldom the case), what right has the street vendor to make day hideous with his piercing cries, or the junk-man to jangle a dozen cracked bells through block after block? To the sick this nuisance must be an unmitigated torture. Surely this is an evil which might and should be remedied. In Brooklyn there is a city ordinance forbidding any person engaged in buying or selling any goods or merchandise to use a bell, under penalty of ten dollars for each offense. The ordinance is good, the enforcement of it would be better. And if every city should rigorously restrict the needless confusion and tumult which exist in the streets, life would be longer and more comfortable.

While the Emperors of Germany and Austria were visiting at Ischl, a young lady desired to present the former with a costly bouquet, but her courage failed her at the last moment, and she begged an officer in Prussian uniform to perform the office for her. He at once complied, gave the Emperor William the present, and returned to express his Majesty's thanks to the fair donor, who was rather surprised to see this Prussian officer then enter the Emperor's carriage and take a seat beside him. On asking who he was, she discovered that it was the Emperor of Austria in Prussian uniform.

Our first autumn month was ushered in by a heavy snow-storm on the top of Mount Washington. It is said that this year's August is the first for many years that has passed without a snow-storm there.

The recent report of the Prison Association of New York exhibits statistics showing the constant increase of crime among children since our civil war. During the past year over nine thousand were committed under twenty years of age. It is asserted that a "decent home" is the great preventive agent against crime, and that the tenement-house system is the greatest of all curses to the poor, and a fostering influence to vice of all kinds.

Gold-fish—those brilliant little creatures which add so much to the beauty of the brooks and lakes in this vicinity—were first brought here from China and Japan about twenty years ago. In a very short time they became wild, and filled many of the ponds in Long Island. At the West they are still scarce and highly prized, and large numbers are shipped to the principal cities. The "hard times" have greatly paralyzed the gold-fish trade; they are sold for a third less money, and fewer are disposed of in a week than formerly were in a day when the demand was active.

The corner-stone of the new Post-office in Philadelphia is to have a memorial vase containing documents of rare historical interest. The vase is of flint-glass, twelve inches in diameter and two feet high. It has a cap, which will be hermetically sealed, and a large pier of granite will be placed on top of it. The vase will have deposited in it the periodicals of the day; the City Directory; the oration of Hon. John W. Forney at the Fourth of July celebration of the Permanent Exhibition; a copy of a certificate of award of the Centennial Board of Judges; a certificate of stock; the proclamation of General Grant announcing the International Exhibition; photographs of the Centennial medals; four volumes of the official catalogue of the Exhibition of 1876; report of the Women's Executive Committee; report of the closing ceremonies, November 10, 1876; report of the Board of Finance; journals of the proceedings of the United States Commission, by-laws of the same; description of buildings in the Centennial grounds, Fairmount Park; acts of Congress; coins; and copies of all the leading papers published in Philadelphia.

A live dolphin has just been added to the New York Aquarium, over seven feet long and weighing 500 pounds, which creates considerable amusement as it pursues and captures the small fishes placed in the tank for it to feed upon.

One of the most popular eating-houses in Japan is owned by a woman, and has accommodations for two thousand customers at once. The "bill of fare" includes about twenty different dishes. No meat is served, but fowls are cooked in various ways. The restaurant looks most attractive at night, when the rows of lanterns under the eaves, and the illuminations of the whole building showing through panes of colored glass, present a very gay appearance.

The London *Lancet* calls attention to the danger there is of the spread of infectious diseases by means of laundries. A visit to the homes of several washerwomen revealed many painful facts. In one instance, where small-pox was in the house, blankets were washed and returned to a gentleman's house, and table-cloths and napkins to the keeper of a restaurant. "Thus," remarks the *Lancet*, "even at our meals, if we escape being poisoned by our cook, we may catch small-pox from our table-linen."

The home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello is falling to decay from lack of care. It is surrounded by a grove of ancient trees, and the view of the Blue Ridge peaks and of the surrounding country, as seen from the doorway of the house, is very fine. The estate was once owned by Captain Levy of the United States Navy, and by his will left to the government, with an endowment fund for an agricultural school. It was claimed for some reason that the will was void. The case got into the courts, and a writ of partition was granted to the heirs. The estate passed into the hands of commissioners, and is still undivided. The old grave-yard is near by, and a common stone marks the resting-place of the author of the Declaration of Independence; but of the inscription all that can be clearly seen is, "Born April 2, 1743, O. S.; died July 4, 1826."

Many cases of overdose of medicine from administering it in "tea-spoonful" doses have occurred. The size of tea-spoons varies so much that *The Druggists' Circular* advises that, in the case of children especially, medicine should be prescribed by drops.

The Czar's consent to the scheme of the long-proposed Central Asian Railway has been obtained. This tremendous engineering feat is confessedly only the first portion of that still greater work which is eventually to connect Moscow with India and Pekin. The line, we are informed, is to be "circuitous, in order to avoid the desert and the steppe," and there is to be a "northern branch, connecting with the Siberian railway system." The line from Moscow now stops at Samara, but the connecting link to Orenburg is almost finished. It was then proposed to continue it to Orsk, beyond which town the railway would become strictly a Central Asian line. But this comparatively modest scheme is quite overshadowed by the new plan of carrying it on to Tashkend, the chief town of Turkestan. The distance from Orenburg to Tashkend by the route selected, by the way of the Lake Kuyouk, is over 1200 miles, and in that long distance every effort of engineering science would be required to overcome the obstacles of nature.

The French are an economical people, and many another nation might learn some useful lessons from them. One of the small economies of Paris is the utilizing of the waste ends of asparagus. A very fine quality of paper may be made from asparagus ends, and there are manufactories for this special purpose. So the careful housekeeper saves all her asparagus ends, and sells them.

It would conduce greatly to the comfort of citizens generally if our municipal government could in some respects imitate that of some foreign cities. A visitor in Paris thus writes: "There are no drunkards here. Rum and rum-shops in New York are the principal causes of crime, filling our prisons and poor-houses, and adding tenfold to our taxes. We have been in Paris three weeks, and have not seen a man drunk, or even under the influence of liquor; we have not met a beggar or a tramp. Beggars and tramps are taken care of by the government, and will be in the United States when they have been endured long enough. Very little strong liquor is drunk here, except by foreigners. The people drink the light French wine; it satisfies, and creates no morbid appetite for more."

A San Francisco artist has succeeded in photographing a trotting horse while the animal was in rapid motion. The photograph was taken in less than the one-thousandth part of a second. It is attracting considerable attention. The object in making the photograph was to get an accurate representation of a horse's action when in speed, and the result shows an attitude different from that ever made by an artist's pencil.

That one may succeed in literature without the study of what is called English grammar is shown by the fact that scarcely any of the great writers and speakers of English, before the present century at least, were at all instructed in that much-vaunted "branch" of education.

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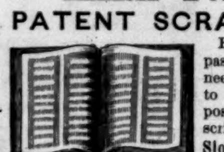
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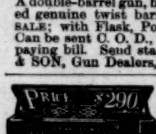

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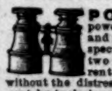
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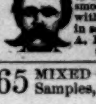
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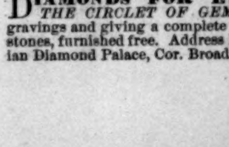

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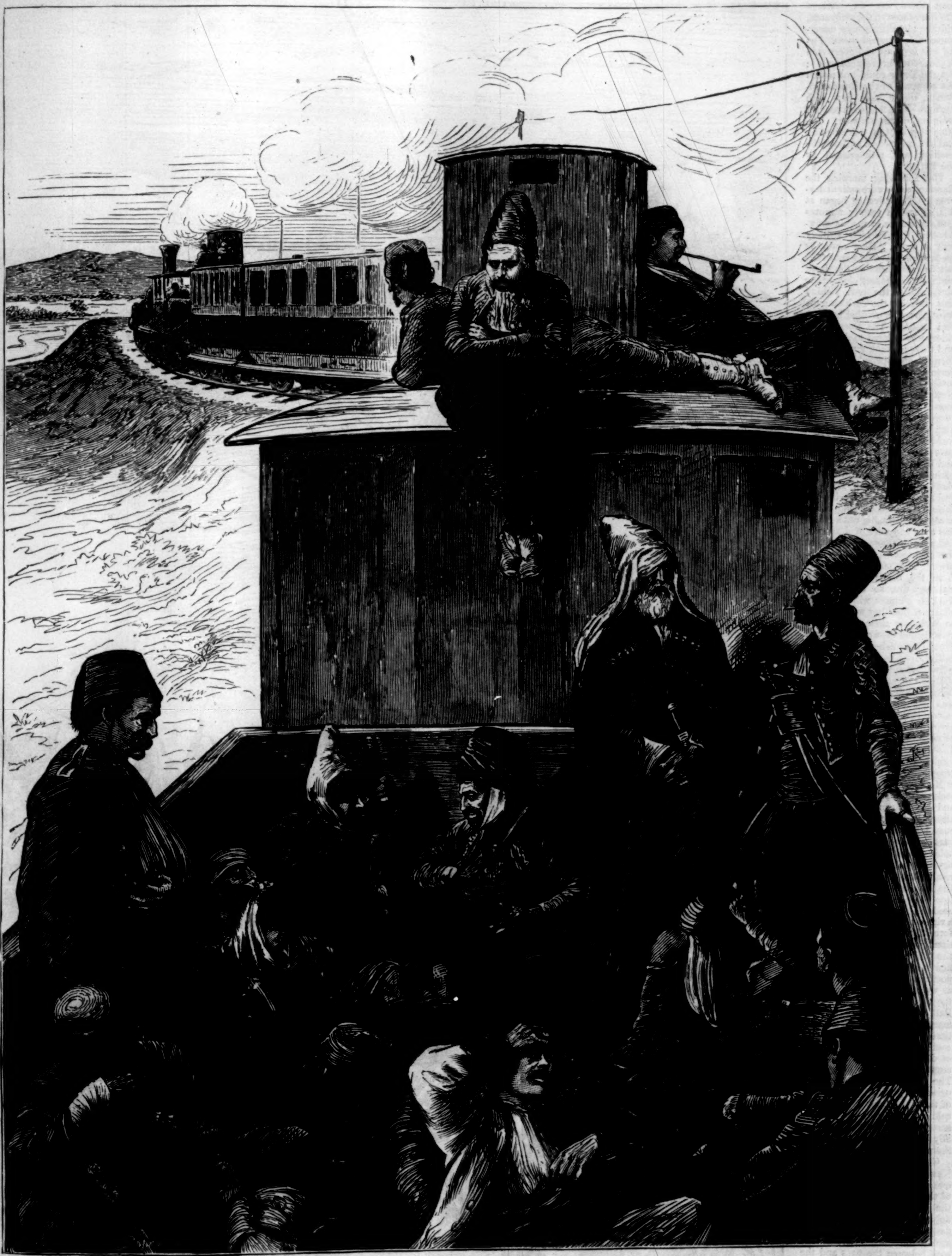

WOUNDED TURKISH SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE OF KAZANLIK.

WITH THE HOSTILE ARMIES.

In the article published last week in connection with a series of pictures illustrating different points in the famous Shipka Pass, our readers will perhaps remember that allusion was made to the capture of Kazanlik by General Gourkho, together with one or two other small towns on the southern slope of the Balkans. This passage of the mountains, and advance into a country literally infested by the enemy, was one of the most remarkable feats of the war. The road through Hainkoi Pass is as difficult as any that lead through the Balkan range. At one point the valley closes in and presents a deep gorge, with the stream rushing and foaming over the rocks below, the only path being a narrow ledge along the mountain-side. During the night of July 14, when the passage was effected, many of the troops were compelled to wade through a considerable depth of water, the only foot-hold being slippery stones that made it almost impossible to maintain a perpendicular. The difficulty of transporting the artillery was almost insurmountable, and the troops were compelled to wait twenty-four hours for the arrival of the batteries.

On the morning of the 16th, the first advance toward Kazanlik was made by sending a detachment of Bulgarians to reconnoitre the vicinity of the village of Egekei, which lay concealed by a spur of the mountains. The reconnoissance had no practical issue, and the regular march began about 8 A.M. For the first two hours nothing was heard of the enemy, and the hot sun was beginning to take effect upon the spirits of the troops, when from the neighborhood of the front of the column came a few shots, which, fired without aim, flew over the heads of the troops and raised little clouds of dust in the parched soil. General Gourkho pressed forward at once, giving orders for the artillery to come up on the left of the road and support the skirmishers, who had instantly formed in front. All that could be seen, however, was a slight rise in the almost flat plain, so that the sky was sharply cut by the line of ground, and a fringe of smoke in front of a few low trees.

The geographical position of the opposing forces was as follows: On the right of the Russians, steep rocky hills, being spurs of the Balkan range; at the foot of those hills, where the road runs, a gentle descent, with vineyards and orchards; in front, a very gentle elevation of ground, with trees and fields, but no fences; toward the left, a flat plain, through which the river runs parallel with the road, and perhaps a mile from it; beyond the river, more flat plain, and then a regular range of hills, which might be from 400 feet to 1000 feet high. The Turks occupied the gentle rise in front and the vineyards on the right, below the steep hills. Almost at the same moment two Russian batteries opened fire, one in front of the position, the other on the left. The Turks had endured the sharp-shooting bravely, but the moment the guns opened fire, the heads covered with the red fez, which showed conspicuously against the green foliage, disappeared.

Soon there was an obvious movement toward the vineyards, whither the skirmishers unceremoniously pursued them. Firing was kept up, and every step of the ground bravely contested; but the Turks could not match the accuracy of the Russian riflemen, whose balls flew with such precision that each seemed to bring down its man. The guns also kept up a deadly fire, and in a quarter of an hour the position was relinquished by the Turks.

The following morning the Russian troops were astir at day-break. The advance began at 6 A.M., and in twenty minutes puffs of smoke in the air showed that the Turkish artillery was at work. Here again, as on the previous day, a spur runs out from the hills on the right, and the road passes close to the steep point of the spur. Behind this elevation the Turkish guns were placed, concealed by trees and bushes. The Russian artillery was ordered to the front, and three Cossack guns pushed forward and opened fire on the enemy. Meanwhile the skirmishers were actively at work. Never casting down their enormous loads, they moved over the rough ground, some of them over high and steep hills, directly toward Shipka—the mouth of the pass by Gabrova—others up and down the spurs and in the plain, supported by the Bulgarians. The Turkish artillery, seeing the cavalry moving on their right, fired at long range across the plain, but not a movement on the part of dragoons, hussars, or Cossacks betrayed the slightest sign of unsteadiness. The only answer was from the battery, which, with slanting fire, so covered the Turkish gunners with bursting shrapnel that they were obliged to withdraw their pieces. In this manner the way was cleared for the skirmishers, who pushed bravely on, making their way round the spur, when suddenly the goal of all their efforts lay before their eyes. Kazanlik was not to be taken by the brave riflemen, however. To them was awarded the task of seizing the mouth of Shipka Pass, and freeing it from the hinderances that beset the troops coming from Gabrova.

Meanwhile the dragoons attacked the Turkish infantry and drove them into the town, after which occurred a piece of most inhuman treachery on the part of the Moslems. They hoisted a white flag and made signs indicating a wish to surrender, but on the approach of the Russians poured a volley into their midst. This infuriated the latter troops, and, after a vigorous assault, the town was forced into a genuine capitulation. The inhabitants, dreading the vengeance of the Russians, fled in all directions, while such portions of the Turkish troops as were able made their way to the head-quarters south of the Balkans. One party of 500 managed to escape to the station of Haskoi, whence they could proceed by rail. A view of one car-load is given in the engraving on our first page. The appearance of the men certainly justifies the remark of the artist, who writes: "The soldiers seemed in a deplorable state, both morally and physically speaking, and many of them were wounded."

General GOURKHO's raid upon Kazanlik will always remain one of the most striking events of the war. A single storm in the mountains, a determined opposition at the mouth of the pass, the concentration of a strong force any where on the road between the pass and the town, especially if well provided with artillery—any one of these would have accomplished his ruin.

THE BAT[...]F PLEV

Our double-page engraving turns us abruptly from the subject of Russian success to that of Russian disaster and defeat. The occasion is one of the encounters which took place near Plevna during the month of July. This comparatively insignificant Bulgarian town is situated about twenty-five miles to the southwest of Nicopolis and five miles to the east of the Vid River—one of the largest of the tributaries which descend from the northern slope of the Balkans to the Danube. The town has a population of 1627 Mohammedan and 1474 Christian families, comprising about 17,000 souls. There are eighteen mosques, nine minarets, and two churches—one named after Saints CYRIL and METHODIUS, the apostles of Bulgaria, the other after St. PETER. Another object of interest is the hospital built by MIDHAT PASHA when he was governor of the Vilayet of the Danube some years ago. The river on which Plevna stands is the Tuchenitza, which is joined just below the town by the stream from Grivitza, the united waters falling into the Vid some miles lower down. The valley is cut through limestone formation. Steep, rough cliffs rise precipitously on the northern side, but the banks on the southern side are less difficult. All the heights are covered with fruit trees and shrubs, which add to the attractions of the town when seen from a distance. The larger part of the land immediately surrounding is owned by Mussulman Bulgarians, descendants of renegade ancestors.

On the 19th of July a Russian force, consisting of three regiments of infantry, five batteries of artillery, and a few Cossacks, arrived in the neighborhood of Plevna. They were commanded by General SCHILDER-SCHULDER, and after a sharp struggle succeeded in entering the town. They neglected, however, to occupy the bridge over the Vid, and upon the arrival of the Turkish re-enforcements from the west, were forced to beat a precipitate retreat. Upon the news reaching the Russian head-quarters, imperative dispatches were returned ordering the capture of Plevna, and General Baron KRÜDENER, in command of the Ninth Corps, was hurriedly sent forward to re-enforce the defeated body, and also instructed to renew the attack at once. In the mean time the Turkish commander, OSMAN PASHA, instead of following up the pursuit of the retiring Russians, apparently divine[...] assault on his p[...] on his reserves, [...] tack. The Russ[...] up what they in[...] ing force, and th[...] a body of troops [...] men. These o[...] time, which the [...] pied in increasi[...] his position, so t[...] he had 50,000 m[...]

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...BAT... F PLEVNA.

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On the morning of the 31st the opposing armies were ranged as follows: the Turks held the villages Opanesh, Grivitza, Radishovo, Tuchenitza, and Slatina. They were also in great force at Lofcha. As for the Russians, General KRÜDENER had his head-quarters at Karadach Bulgarski, which was held by three regiments of the Fifth Division. The two brigades of the Thirty-first Division—their right flank protected by LASKAROF's brigade of cavalry—were in front, their objective being Grivitza. General SCHAKHOVSKY, who had marched by way of Bulgareni, Karadach, and Pordim, had his head-quarters at Polishat, which was occupied by one brigade of the Thirtieth Division; the other brigade of the same division was in front. General SKOBELOF, with two regiments of Cossacks, a battalion, and a battery, operated in the direction of Lofcha. The Russian forces thus included thirteen regiments of infantry (thirty-nine battalions), having a total strength of 32,000 men, with about five regiments of cavalry, and 160 guns. This force proved quite unequal to the task allotted to it. The villages of Grivitza and Radishovo were taken, and the Russians stormed two lines of intrenchments in the rear of the latter place; but their bravery proved of no avail, and the day's engagement ended in a disastrous retreat. Plevna still remained in possession of the Turks, and the Russians were glad to recover their former positions, having met with fearful losses. The story of the ghastly results of the battle is told in the following terms by a correspondent of the London *Times*:

"At three in the afternoon, after leaving Sistova, I was resting near one of these natural fountains, when a long line of ambulance wagons, enshrouded in dense clouds of dust, appeared over a hill in the distance. As the head of the line reached us and halted by the fountain, I learned of the heavy battle fought the day before in front of the Turkish fortifications around Plevna. The ambulance wagons gradually gathered, until the large space around the spring of cool water was covered with these conveyances, filled with human beings mangled in every conceivable form, who gasped for a drop of water. Some could not drink, as the attempt to swallow brought gushes of blood from gaping wounds in the throat and chest, which prevented them cooling their parched tongues, covered with the horrible dust which rose at the slightest movement upon the roads. Weary with this sorrowful scene, I mounted my horse and pushed on. A short distance from the fountain I encountered a second ambulance train, loaded like its predecessor. For two hours they continued to pass me; and then came still longer trains of country transport carts, loaded with the less severe cases, intermixed with an apparently endless stream of ammunition wagons, surplus baggage carts, and camp equipages, until finally the road became completely blocked by the indiscriminate mass of horses, carts, wagons, and mangled humanity streaming toward Sistova. I was compelled to lead my horse to a hillock by the road-side, and wait for an opportunity to pass on, as well as to allow my wagon to come up. For more than an hour I stood there watching the passage of this motley caravan, and beheld hundreds of gallant fellows roll by in open springless carts, with a blazing sun pouring down upon their blood-stained forms, with choking clouds of dust parching their burning throats and settling in masses upon their agonized countenances, until they ceased to look like human faces. While waiting for the road to be cleared, we were often asked if there were no troops coming to the rescue, and many were the bitter comments made on the folly of dashing those brave fellows against the vastly superior Moslem force strongly intrenched on the height before Plevna. One officer who was badly wounded had led the extreme advance in the assault on the Turkish intrenchment. He had penetrated far into the Moslem lines, and said if they had been properly supported they could have carried the positions; but the column was not strong enough, from want of troops or generalship, and the Turks, finding this out, turned back upon them with fearful loss. 'Not more than half of that column came back,' was the mournful close of the wounded officer's statement."

The last page of our Supplement contains a series of sketches drawn principally at the camp of MUKHTAR PASHA, in the neighborhood of Kars. At one point and another throughout the great plain to the south and west of the town large bodies of troops are stationed to act as a support to the beleaguered fortress. Kars, which has figured so conspicuously in every struggle between the Turks and Russians, is situated at the extreme end of one of the most easterly slopes of the Soghanli range. This spur is pierced by the Kars Tchai, a stream which flows between precipitous banks rising some 950 feet above the level of the water. On the eastern side of this river the ridge constitutes a flat plateau, about one mile in length by 800 yards in breadth, with steep, rocky slopes to the north and south, and a gentle grassy glacis toward the Russian frontier. On this eastern spur are built the Karadagh and Kara Patlak forts, the latter known as the Arab tabia in the days of 1855. These forts are all connected by a trench of strong profile, which is manned night and day by one-half the garrison. In this way the duties of the men are very heavy, and they suffer in health accordingly. The hills on the western side of the Kars Tchai extend for about a mile, when a second small stream cuts the Soghanli spur. Beyond it the range is lower, and consequently valueless for military purposes either to friend or foe. On this western hill are built the highest forts.

At some distance from the town, in the plain on the southern side, three very substantial permanent redoubts have been built. These are connected with each other by a breastwork of strong profile, which is carried over the hills, and runs from fort to fort. The trench running about the works has a parapet about four feet in height and six feet in thickness. The whole front is defended by various obstacles, *trous-de-loup*, smaller military pits, and wire entanglements being freely made use of. At irregular intervals small batteries for two or more field-guns are placed. The wolf-holes are about four feet deep and about five feet in circumference; in fact, they are excellent rifle-pits for an enterprising enemy. The sod revetments, which are few and far between, are built up with the turf, being laid, not horizontally, but vertically; they are